

DAY OF GRACE

The Florence Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to maintain and exalt the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and in all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling, with loyalty will I endeavour to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

Dedication

TO MOM AND DAD

Today, this day of days we stand,
The future just before our outstretched hands,
And now we think especially Mom and Dad,
Of the great, loving part that you have had.

The future still, of course, cannot be told,
But your part in our past is etched in gold
And will weave its golden thread,
In our many years ahead.

We now pay tribute to you, Mom,
For all those parcels that have come
Just when we felt we just must have a taste
Of your cake, a crumb we would not waste.

And to Dad, who always seemed to know
Just when our funds were running low
We don't know how you did it, Dad,
But for your insight we were glad.

Now, as you watch us, eyes filled with pride,
We remember just how much you've tried,
In every way to make us know you cared.
Now stand with us our one goal shared.

M. E. Somers

The
Class of 1964

presents

Memories of Training



Grace Hospital - Winnipeg



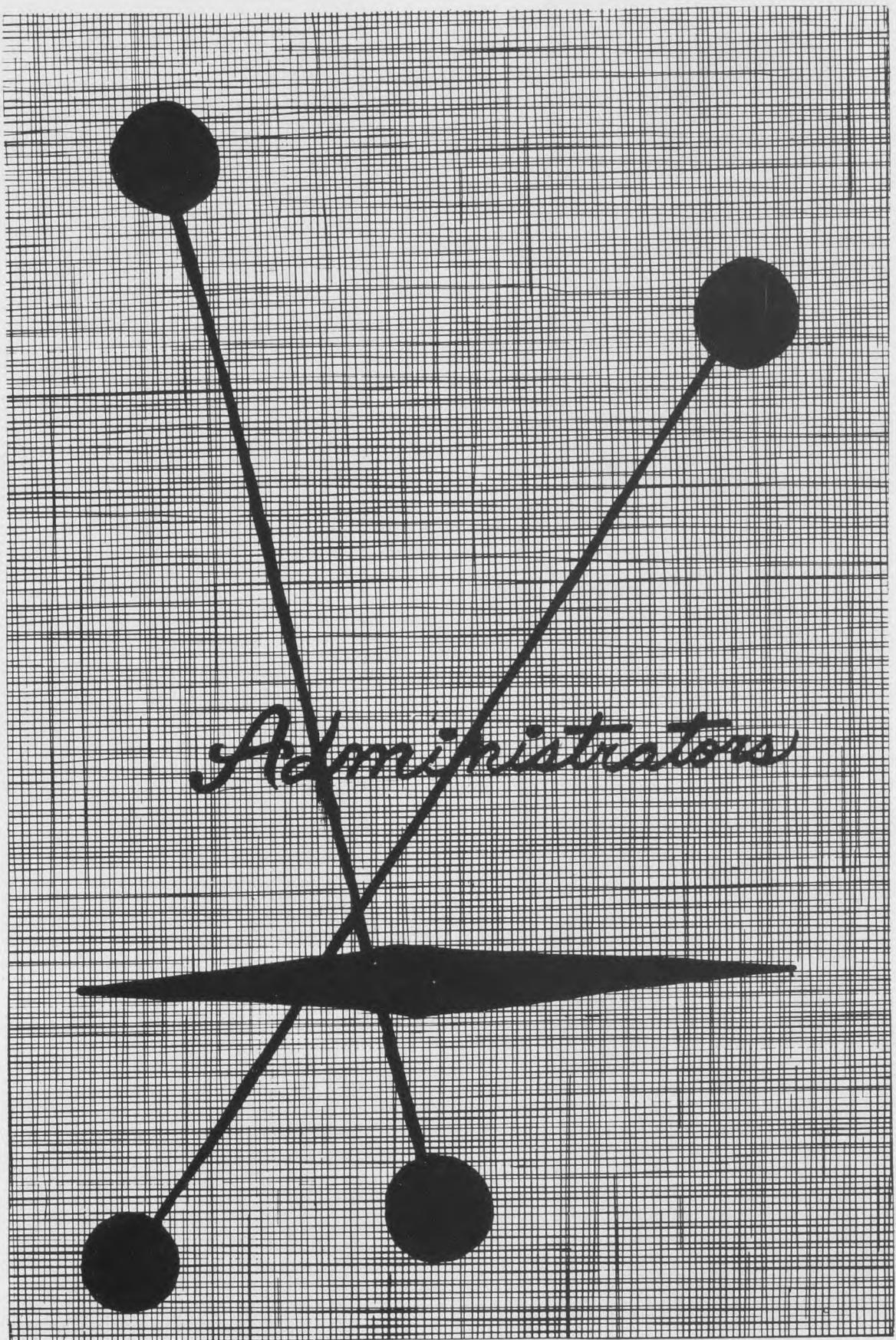
In 1891 Grace Maternity Hospital had its beginning in a house situated at 486 Young Street. An increase in the birth rate soon warranted increased facilities and so the present Grace Hospital was established accommodating first thirty patients and increasing very soon to sixty. The building continued to expand and soon Grace Hospital was handling twenty-five per cent of Winnipeg births.

In 1927 the now well-known maternity hospital became a General Hospital and in 1930 the School for Registered Nurses was established. A Nurses' Residence was built in 1943. At present the hospital accommodates two hundred and fifty patients. The school graduates 40-50 nurses each year.

As for the future—

Plans between the Salvation Army, Manitoba Government and the City of St. James are being made for the construction of a new ultra-modern hospital, in the fast growing City of St. James. This hospital will provide general facilities to meet the needs of the public. The present hospital, it is hoped, will become a centre for more specialized types of treatment.

We, the student body of Grace Hospital would like to offer to the Salvation Army our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for the future as a dream materializes and becomes a reality.





Dear Graduates,

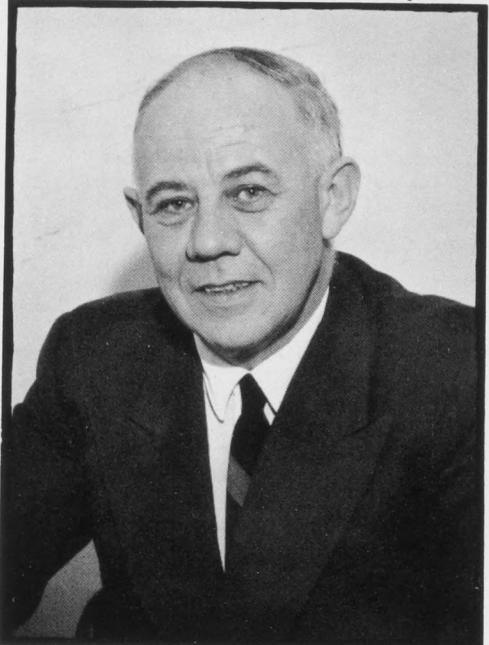
On this day early fears are banished, dreams have materialized, hopes are fulfilled and joy is uppermost. This is how it should be and I sincerely congratulate you each on attaining the standard of excellence which permits you to be known as "Graduates."

This is the beginning only and as you go from us to continue your vocation, I would remind you of the words of J. M. Barrie, "Prizes may be dross, learning lumber, unless they bring you into the area with increasing understanding."

As you go forth, I pray that God will go with you.

Muriel Everett, Brigadier
Administrator

*muriel everett
Brigadier*



Congratulations to each and every Graduate. As you apply your skills in this changing and challenging scientific world may you find great happiness and satisfaction in service to others.

N. D. McCreath, M.R.C.P. (Lond.)

N.D. McCreath



Congratulations, new graduates.

As you begin to practice your profession, may you be conscious of God's blessing.

The past is behind, the future before, but the present is now. Grasp your opportunities and live your ideals.

Eleanor P. Johnson, Captain
Director of Nursing.

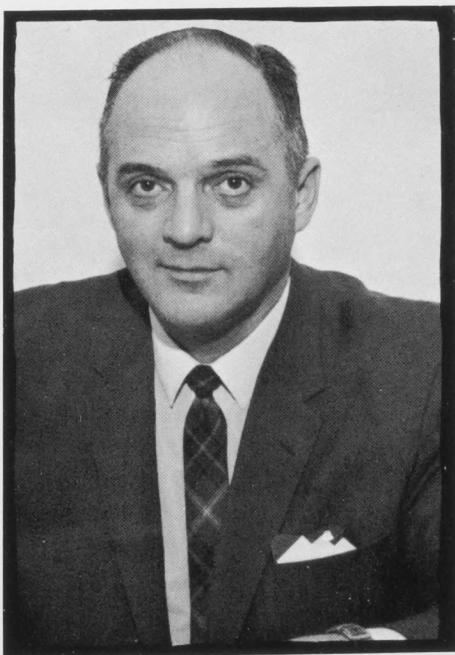
*Eleanor P. Johnson
Captain*



A. L. Thorliss
assistant Administrator

I extend to you all my sincere congratulations. As you leave Grace Hospital School of Nursing and work with other nurses in the care of the sick, may you ever remember that first consideration should always be given to the safety and welfare of your patients, whose life and happiness has been entrusted to your keeping.

Rhoda Gammie
Associate Director
Nursing Service



E.R. Duthie

President, Medical Staff



Sincere congratulations to the Class of 1964 in the passing of an important milestone. Your Instructors have guided you in seeking answers to the problems of nursing today. Yours is the challenge to answer the questions which have not yet been asked. Continue, then, in your active search for knowledge; accept the best of new ideas, or, perhaps, develop your own. If you do this with the enthusiasm and discernment which you have shown in the past, we can be assured that you will serve your profession faithfully, and will bring honor and credit to your school.

My Congratulations to each one of you as you graduate.

The world now opens before you, and my hope is that you may find the work that God has set apart — for you — and for you alone to do. As you strive to fulfill your destiny, let the "Idealist" in you reach for the stars; and let the "Realist" in you keep you steady through the joy and sorrow that is life.

John Townsend Trowbridge has said:

"Not in rewards, but in the strength to strive,
The blessing lies."

May God be with you and Bless you.

Bernice Seeman

Director of Nursing Education.

Alice T. Lowe

Director-Inservice Education



*Mrs. S. Leichland
Business Manager*

If I Had Known

The other day a group of seniors stood watching some of the new probies go by. As the usual chorus of "poor kids," "boy, if they only knew . . .", etc., died away, someone commented:

"What gets me is the big smiles of anticipation they all wear. If they only knew what they were getting into, they would quit right now. If I had known, I would have".

I wonder !

If I had known — that I would study harder than I ever had before; that I would wear hard starched collars and oxfords until my neck and my feet were both well-calloused; that I would come in promptly at 10:00 or 11:30 every night (or nearly so) for a year; that I would walk into church late so often I would almost get used to it; that I would leave parties and concerts early, but never get used to that; that I would have seven different roommates; that I would not get home as often as I would like; that all my friends would be getting engaged and married while I retained my "single blessedness . . ."

If I had known that I would meet so much that was new and interesting; that study was so easy; that I would be proud of my uniform; that I would be so busy that I would go with less sleep all the time and feel fine; that I would make so many new friends inside and outside the hospital that I would hardly miss my old ones; that I would catch a very nice boy friend I would have missed if I had stayed at home; that I would kill myself laughing at our unprintable jokes and the tricks played on patients, internes and each other . . .

If I had known that I would work nights on half my usual quota of sleep (and stay awake); that I would work overtime without any pay more often than not; that I would spend more time in the operating theatre cleaning than assisting doctors to save lives; that I would clean up a nauseating sight and then go to dinner; that I would stand helpless while a strong man wept in pain; that I would see the Dark Angel come for the life of a little child and repeat with tears the question to which not even Job got a direct answer . . . "Why, O Lord, why?" . . .

If I had known that I would thrill at being left in charge of a ward of sick people throughout the dark night; that I would actually help in saving a life; that I would have fun cleaning in the operating room; that I would see the ecstasy of a mother with her new born babe; that I would cherish a crude drawing in a childish design because of the little girl it recalls; that I would see a young man return from the jaws of death . . .

If I had known that this would grow on me till the very thought of leaving made me shudder . . .! For that, too, there is an answer, and it is, I think, best expressed by the one who wrote:

"I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year:
Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown."

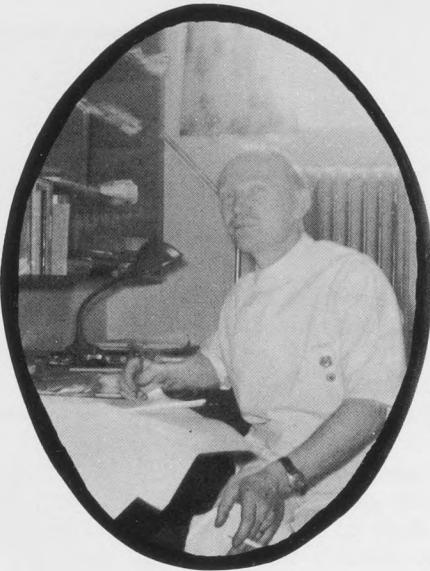
And the reply:

"Go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God,
That shall be to you better than light, and safer than the known way."

If I had known . . .?

If you had known, would you have started?

*Our
Faculty*





Miss Wood	Fundamentals of Nursing
Mrs. McGinnis	Science
Mrs. Wilson	Dietetics
Mrs. Biccum	Clinical Instructor
Mrs. Fedak	Clinical Instructor
Mrs. Guiler	Clinical Instructor
Miss Mitchell	Clinical Assistant
Mrs. Jasper	Obstetrics
Mrs. Jagroop	Operating Room
Mr. Martyniw	Psychiatry
Miss Warkentine	Pediatrics

THE NURSE

(A tribute to all those who have dedicated their lives to the nursing profession)

May I pay my tribute to her with this simple verse,
The world will join me when I sing the praises of the nurse.
In hospitals and nursing homes she plays her splendid part.
Although she may have troubles of her own, locked in her heart.
And have you ever thought of what would happen, if one day
The nurses all decided that they'd like to run away?
Folks like myself could go on strike and nobody would heed.
But the nurse is indispensable — she meets the world's great need.
Her hands are blessed because they do a work that's good and fine.
For Christ himself said, "Heal the sick."
This labor is divine, and it will earn a rich reward
When life's last shadows fall,
A life of selfless service is the greatest thing of all.
You're but a cog in life's vast wheel that daily makes the same old trip.
But what a joy it is to feel that but for you, the wheel might slip.
Tis something after all to jog along, and be a first class cog!

Dedicated by a patient



Valedictory Address

Tonight, a long awaited dream has become a reality. In each of us different thoughts and emotions arise as we reach this milestone which we call graduation.

None of us will ever forget that day when we arrived at Grace. Do you remember classmates? We arrived with suitcases and boxes filled not only with clothes but also with stuffed animals, radios and other things to aid us in overcoming our fear of the unknown. It seemed we were entering an entirely different world. And so we commenced to write our Book of New Experiences.

The first chapter was devoted to classes, study, and practice — learning basic nursing principles. We anticipated our first morning on wards, and yet were apprehensive when it did arrive. Will we ever forget that day, such a short time ago when we reported to the ward, bewildered, and yes, even frightened? Gradually, however, we progressed to duties that had filled us with awe only a few short weeks previously, such as doing dressings and giving hypos. How great was our feeling of achievement! After six months of study and a great deal of hope we received our caps at the beautiful and impressive capping ceremony. With this milestone we had written our first chapter.

Chapter two began with our specialized postings. We learned how to work efficiently under the inevitable strain of the Operating Room. Skill, technique and accuracy are all important in this field.

In caring for Obstetrical patients we felt the joy of helping usher a new life into the world. We agreed with the unknown author who wrote, "So begins one of the most wonderful experiences in life, an experience which will change a couple into a family, and a man and his wife into parents."

And now we left in small groups for our affiliations. Our class was divided for the first time. At Selkirk Mental Hospital and Children's Hospital we shared experiences with student nurses from other hospitals.

Selkirk opened to us a broader outlook on nursing. We learned the importance of sitting and listening to the patient in a positive and sympathetic way. We all realize what a major role mental health plays and have become better prepared nurses from this experience.

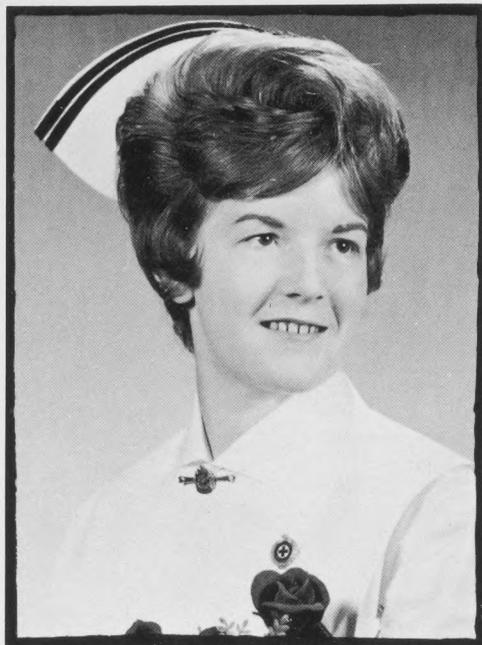
At Children's Hospital we accustomed ourselves to talking with little people on subjects ranging from Mickey Mouse to model airplanes. Here we felt really needed as our patients were dependent on us to feed and to clothe, to love and to cuddle.

Public Health showed us an entirely different aspect of nursing. It gave us some idea of the care of people carried on in all aspects of community life. We made visits to schools and to homes; to the newborn and to the aged. Thus we concluded chapter two.

Tonight, on behalf of the class, I would like to express thanks to those who have played important parts in making this present attainment possible.

To Brigadier Everett, our Hospital Administrator, thank you Brigadier for your never-failing interest in us; and we did enjoy your attendance at our school functions.

We thank also, our Director of Nursing, Captain Johnson. In the year you have been with us, Captain, you have won the respect of us all. We valued your help and guidance.



To Miss Seeman, our Educational Director and the nursing school staff, thank you for your patience and perseverance in educating us in the ways of nursing. Our expressions of gratitude will continue to be felt through the years to come.

A special thank-you to our doctors, supervisors and head nurses for your time, knowledge and counsel so willingly given.

We have reserved a special place in our hearts for two people who have given us cheer, courage and guidance when it was so needed. They know of our sorrows and successes. Without your assistance, Mom and Dad, we never would have reached this goal.

There is yet another group of people who helped us. They also listened to our worries and problems and gave us support by phone calls and dates. As well they waited so patiently until the end of an evening duty term. I am, of course, referring to our boyfriends. — Thanks a million!

Undergraduates, our experiences throughout training will be well remembered because you shared them with us. Chapter three of our book is devoted to Residence life. Here we found a home away from home where the house-mothers and residence staff did so much to make us comfortable. Remember the "jam sessions" in the T.V. room? Remember, too, the tobogganing and roller skating parties and the car wash? As new graduates, while we hesitate to give advice, we would ask you to remember that our three years experience has taught us to give rather than to receive. By giving of ourselves, we receive peace of mind and satisfaction from helping others to help themselves. Soon you too will leave Grace as your graduation day arrives. May I take this opportunity on behalf of our class to extend good wishes to all of you.

Fellow classmates, thank you for choosing me to give the valedictory on behalf of our class this evening. Tonight we look back sadly and yet happily on our three years together. Sadly, as we will soon be saying farewell to our School of Nursing, and yet happily, as we have reached our goal — Graduation. Our friendships during our three years together have been more than sharing food packages from home. We rejoice together on happy occasions and comforted one another on sad occasions. These contacts will never be forgotten by any of us. Now we enter into many different fields of nursing. Each of us will have problems that must be faced alone. All that we have learned in the past three years will help us feel better prepared to face the future. The future—which holds a challenge in public health nursing, in post graduate study, or in general duty nursing. As long as we have dreams and ambitions as well as a desire to fulfill them, we will have opportunities to serve our fellowman.

Thus we have completed our first book, but we do know that the days which lie ahead hold opportunities for us to add many more volumes as our hopes as new graduates are realized.

In closing, may I leave with you this thought:

"Finally brethren, farewell,
Be perfect, be of good comfort,
Be of one mind, live in peace,
And the God of love and peace shall be with you."

—II Corinthians 13:11

Anna G. Shittars



BETTY ALMAS—Birch River, Manitoba
"True happiness consists of making happy."

Keraturjuniza of Bharair



BARBARA ANDERSON—Winnipeg, Manitoba
"Music is the universal language of mankind."

Longfellow



MARGARET ARENDT—Clear Brook, B.C.
"The great use of life is to spend it for something
that outlasts it."

William James



JUDITH BARRON—Barwick, Ontario
"Do not let grass grow on the path of friendship."

American Indian Proverb



SHIRLEY BELEY—Stonewall, Manitoba
"A tongue for truth, a mind for reason, and a heart
that loves."

Anon



ANN BERGEN—Crystal City, Manitoba
"While hope like a seraph still whispers above us,
Look upward and onward and never despair."

Anon



LYDIA BETTIG—Winnipeg, Manitoba
"For we walk by faith, and not by sight."

2 Corinthians 5:7

CATHY BORN—Morden, Manitoba
"And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three;
but the greatest of these is charity."

I Corinthians 13:13



BONNIE BORTHISTLE—Winnipeg, Manitoba
"Charity is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands."

Addison — The Guardian



MYRNA-LYNNE BOURQUIN — Estevan, Sask.
"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan,
Nothing is worth the making
Unless it makes the man."

Anon



ALVINA BRAUN—Plum Coulee, Manitoba
"The thread of our life would be dark,
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined."

Moore



LEONA DOERKSEN—Giroux, Manitoba
"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence
cometh my help."

Psalm 121:1



BETTY DUECK—Steinbach, Manitoba.
"Strive nobly to the end. Heed not a thousand failures that may be."

W. E. Donnelly



BETTY FAST—Steinbach, Manitoba.
"How far that little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Shakespeare



CHRIS FEHR—Morden, Manitoba
"Fair the honour thou dost thy God."

Milton



BERNICE FETTERLY —Hazelridge, Manitoba.
"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Emerson



MARY FRIESEN—Morris, Manitoba.
"Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all."

Whittier



PAULINE FUNK—Pambrun, Sask.
"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

Psalm 23:1



GAIL HAINSWORTH—Deloraine, Manitoba.
"A tender heart; a will inflexible."

Longfellow



BONNIE HAMPTON—Victoria Beach, Manitoba.
"Behind our life the weaver stands,
And works His wondrous will
When yielded to His all wise hands,
We learn His wondrous skill."

Anon



RUTH HALVERSON—Glen Ewen, Sask.
"And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

Philippians 4:7



EDNA HARDER—Gladstone, Manitoba.
"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto
my path."

Psalm 119:105



KAREN HARDER—Mountain Lake, Minn., USA
"To each has been given a bag of tools,
A shapeless rock, a kit of rules.
Each one forms ere life has flown
A stumbling block or a stepping stone."

Anon



MARGARET HOPLEY—Lenore, Manitoba.
"Everywhere in life the true question
is not what we gain but what we do."

Carlyle



CAROL HUTCHISON—Lenore, Manitoba.
"Wisdom is only found in truth."

Goethe



ALFRIEDA KLASSEN—Steinbach, Manitoba.
"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom
and the knowledge of the holy is understanding."

Proverbs 9:10



LORETTA LOEPPKY—Morden, Manitoba.
"I count my self in nothing else so happy, as in a
soul remembering my good friends."

Shakespeare



VIOLA LOEWEN—Steinbach, Manitoba.
"Every word of God is pure. He is a shield unto
them that put their trust in Him."

Proverbs



VIRGINIA MARTENS—Manitou, Manitoba.
"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the
name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Colossians 3:17



BONNIE McDougall—Virden, Manitoba.
"Gentleness! more powerful than Hercules."

Ninon de Lenclos



SHARON NICHOL—Wawanesa, Manitoba.
"Who lives for humanity must be content to lose
himself."

Trothingham



DARLENE OHLINGER—Minnedosa, Manitoba.
"Kindness is the golden chain by which society is
bound together."

Goethe



HELEN PAETKAU—Morden, Manitoba.
"All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for
all I have not seen."

R. W. Emerson



LORRAINE PAETKAU—Morden, Manitoba.
"May Heaven conduct thee to thy will
And safely speed thee on thy way."

Longfellow



MARJORIE PAGAN—Flin Flon, Manitoba.
"Memory is the treasurer and guardian of all things."

Anon



NORMA PATTINSON—Virden, Manitoba.
"Go breath it in the ear of all who doubt and fear
and say to them, "Be of good cheer."

Longfellow



EDNA PENNER—Arnaud, Manitoba.
"There is so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us
That it ill behooves any of us
To find fault with the rest of us."

Anon



EMMELINE PLETT—Giroux, Manitoba.
"God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide, and a
lantern to my feet."

Shakespeare



AMANDA REIMER—Steinbach, Manitoba.
"This above all to thine own self be true and it must
follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be
false to any man."

Longfellow



IRENE REMPEL—Thornhill, Manitoba.
"I am a part of all that I have met,
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravelle'd world whose margin fades
For ever and ever when I move.

Tennyson



BARBARA RISBY—West Kildonan, Manitoba.
"Joy is not in things; it is in us."

Wagner



PAULINE RUGGLES—Weymouth, Nova Scotia.
"Wise to resolve; and patient to perform."

Homer's Odyssey



ELSIE SAWATZKY—Killarney, Manitoba.

"Beyond thy utmost wants
This power can love and bless
To trusting souls he loves to grant,
More than they can express."

Anon



DONNA SHARESKI—Morden, Manitoba.

"Humor is the harmony of the heart."

Jerrold



DONNA SKINNER—Teulon, Manitoba.

"He liveth best who loveth best
All things great and small."

Anon



MARILYN SOMERS—Creighton, Sask.
"With laughter let old age come."

Anon



RUTH SPRUNG—Manitou, Manitoba.
"Everywhere is life, the true question is not what we
gain but what we do."

Carlyle

Ruth Suderman



RUTH SUDERMAN—Winkler, Manitoba.
"I slept and dreamt that life was beauty,
I woke and found that life was duty."

Anon



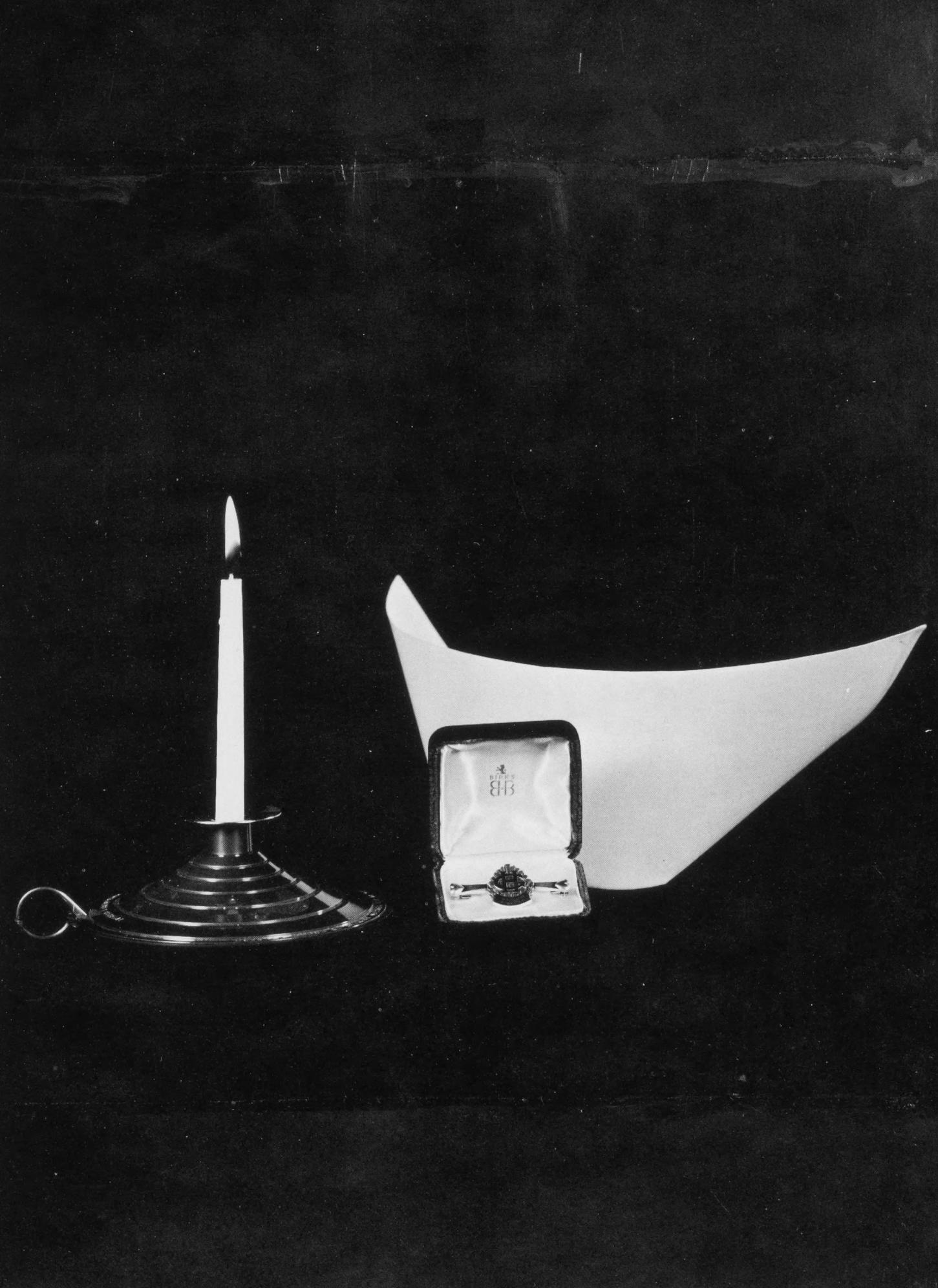
ANNA SUITTERS—Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.
"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Homer



TRUDENE SYKES—Winnipeg, Manitoba.
"Good humor makes all things tolerable."

Beecher



BIRKS
HB



Class
of
1965

CLASS OF 1965

JUDY BIARNSON

Appears to be the quiet, studious type but we know her better.

SHARON CONLY

So vivacious, full of fun
With her in a car pedestrians run.

DOROTHY CRAIGIE

A gal well liked with no signs of depression.
"More tea please," her favorite expression.

AUDREY DeGROOT

A peppy gal so full of glee,
In the O.R. I'm sure her future will be.

LUANNA DUECK

A girl who is never satisfied until she knows the "why and How" of things.

MARGARET DYCK

A real true friend that many praise.
Now — which fellow put her in that daze.

KAREN ELGERT

This "little" bundle of joy with the noisiest alarm on 2nd
Can be seen daily trudging thro' residence in her "grannie gown."

JEAN FRASER

A nurse so thoughtful and so kind.
A truer friend you'll never find.

JANET GRANT

Where mischief, laughter, or fun abound she is usually to be found.
She loves monkeys not found in trees, her destination — the 4-D.

DORIS HEMMINGER

A happy soul all will agree
Never moans, "Oh, pity me!"

PAT HENSWOLD

She lives by this golden rule,
"Why study when there are more honorable ways of dying."

RUTH JOHNS

A girl who is destined to become a "farm hand," on an Albert Ranch!

SHARON JOHNSON

Made her bid, now she's known as "The O.R. Kid."

INGA JUNKE

Inga, a girl with heart so merry
With gloomy thoughts she'll never tarry.

KATHY KNIGHT

Her business of life is to make out of available rough materials of daily
opportunity an attractive life with enduring value.

MARY ANN KRAHN

The mystery of foreign lands lures this — experience worth much and
pleasant awaits her.

MARY KROEKER

This lively girl is down to earth.
Of friends in life she'll have no dearth.

ROSALIE LOEPPKY

The room's pervaded with sweet perfume
From her duty shoes somewhere in the room.

ELLEN LONG

Has a wonderful smile, a terrific disposition
and a winning way with all her patients.

JANICE LOW

A girl who looks at knitting wool and crochet hooks
And all the while she reads her books.

DIANA MACK

Here's one who doesn't have the opportunity to "dust her mailbox"
often — Does a certain male have anything to do with this?

BARB MASSON

Here's a real folk music fan
Who often worries about a university man.

DONNA MEISNER

Second centre fills her with joy
Her compensation is some new boy.

CHARLENE MORDEN

A real livewire! Help gather fuel and she'll set the fire!

LOIS McAFFEE

This gal's noted for sewing and singing
Always some new fellow she's bringing.

PAT McLEAN

A cheerful girl who is always busy doing something.
Likes to sew, read and drink "Teem."

MARLENE OLSON

She loved the O.R. but hated all those mornings when
the alarm rang at 6:00 a.m.

JOYCE OSTLAND

The optimist whose only problem to find a farmer husband within the city.

ELSIE PAHL

That happy smile helps to make her a pleasant working companion.

MARGARET PARKER

For rambunctious vivacious fun you'll always call,
But once in motion — oops where's my Gravol.

MARTHA PENNER

A little girl, so very quiet
But at times she is a riot.

JESSIE PETERS

Only 5 foot, 2½ inches in height, but—
A real piece of super-charged dynamite.

KATY PETERS

Hearty peals of laughter echo and re-echo through quiet corridors
When Katy expresses joyous feelings.

CHERIE PETRIE

Enjoys leaving hasty notes that contain her own cute quotes,
Wonder what will be her fate — typing out the O.R. slate?

BARB ROBERTS

If she's not ardently practicing voice lessons in the tub or waking
up too late to get to prayers, she must be writing letters home.

LAURA TOEWS

Her kind smile and quiet, thoughtful manner aid her in the
endeavor to serve humanity and her Creator.

HENNIE TUITERT

A true friend who very willingly lends a sympathetic ear,
A real go-getter and full of good cheer.

MARILYN URQUHART

Our dedicated nurse who is always working evenings and getting
her share of Gynecology.

MARY VOISEY

Here is a gal who hails from the cold, cold north but
who has a personality just the opposite.

LYNDA WADDELL

Tall and competent — sometimes shy.
Her practical jokes — my oh my!

MARTHA WAGENAAR

This Dutch gal with eyes of blue,
Caught her man with heart so true.

DIANE ZACHARIAS

Always waiting for long distance phone calls — but!
Always manages to be out when she gets them.

ESTHER ZACHARIAS

"Third Centre again?" I hear her say,
I just finished there a week yesterday.



"... also give me some calamine
lotion for an itchy trigger finger."

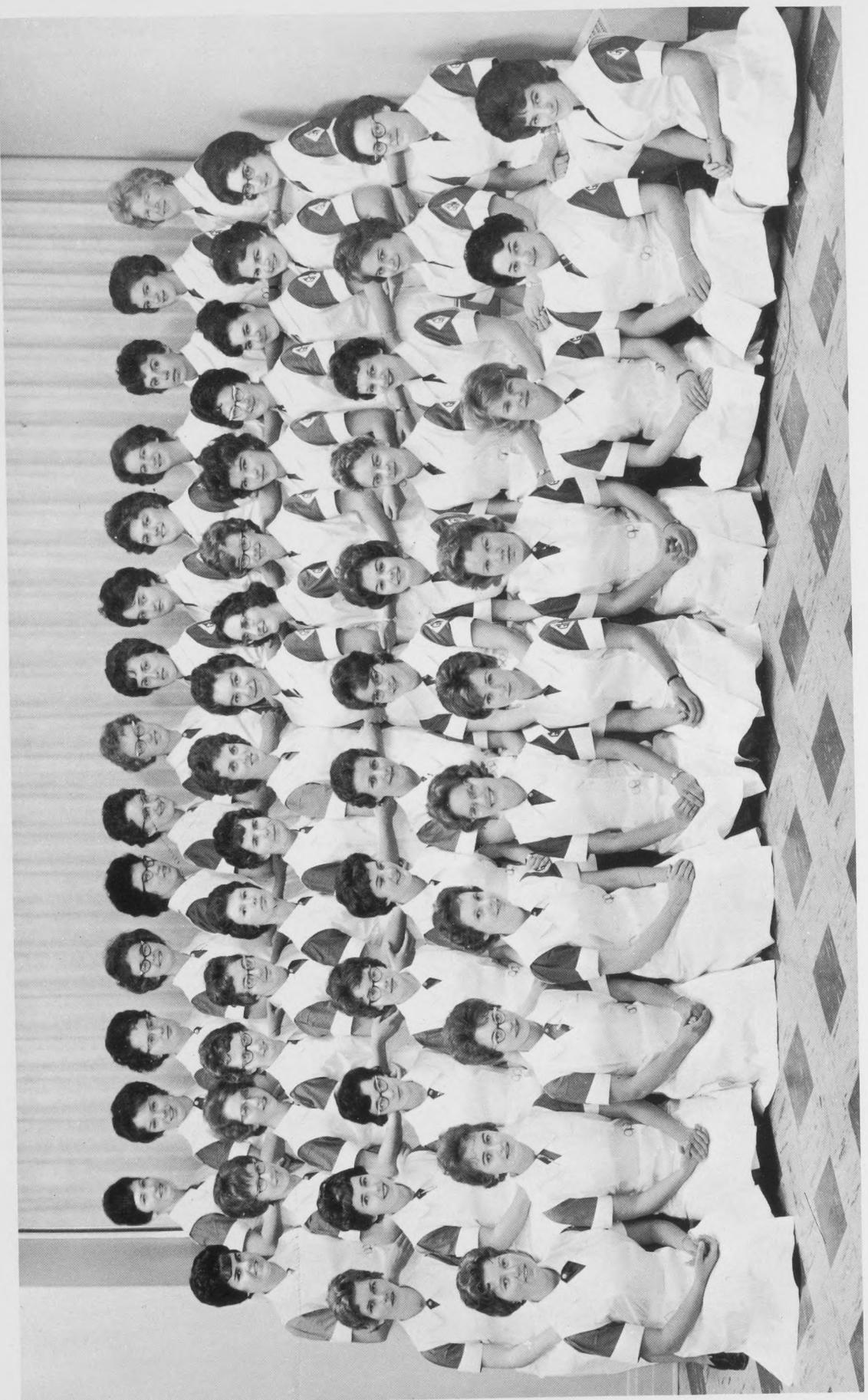
NURSING IN THE IDEAL

She stroked his fevered brow,
She smoothed his tumbled bed,
She gave him cooling drinks,
And bathed his manly head,
She fanned his burning forehead
Mid whispers low and sweet,
She was a dainty picture
In her uniform so neat.
He seized upon his nurse
In rapture, joy and love,
She surely was an angel
Sent down from Heaven above.
Her touch was soft and gentle,
Her hand so cool and white;
It was a bliss to be there
And keep her in his sight.
Of course he soon recovered
With such tender love and care,
He couldn't live without her
So one were made this pair.
And now they are so happy
In their blessed little tent
He thanks his stars each day
For that lucky accident.

NURSING IN THE REAL

She soaked his dirty feet,
She scrubbed his filthy head,
She gave him a dose of quinine
And straightened up his bed.
She let the wind blow through his
whiskers.
While she aired the room out too,
For she was a practical creature
In her uniform of blue.
He glared upon the nurse
He cursed her and he swore,
For she was cross enough to scare
The sweat from every pore.
She had no time to bother
There were others who would pay
omer,
And wildly through that bed
That poor old patient tore.
Of course you know he died,
From what the doctors couldn't tell;
For she was a torturing devil,
And hospital life was—well!
And now you find him coasting
In that region underground.
And he thanks his stars each
morning
That no nurse can there be found.





*Class of
1966*

CLASS OF 1966

FAVORITE EXPRESSION	F.E.
NOTED FOR	N.F.
FRUSTRATION	F.
AMIBITION	A.

LESLEY AUSTIN "Neena"

F.E. . . . "You're kidding"
 N.F. . . . sleeping in-n-n-n
 F. . . . striped bedspreads
 A. . . . to acquire as many beaus as possible

LINDA BARKER "Barky"

F.E. . . . "You fool!"
 N.F. . . . "The mad flash bulb popper
 strikes again."
 F. . . . has a room next to the phone
 A. . . . to be a mountain climber

SHAREN BADLEY

F.E. . . . "Gr-r-eat — just great!"
 N.F. . . . blind dates
 F. . . . the battle of the bulge
 A. . . . to live elsewhere

DELORES BRAUN "Dollie"

F.E. . . . "Is that right?"
 N.F. . . . first one up in the morning
 F. . . . cold water around bath time
 A. . . . keeping the room *Cool* and *Aired*.

SANDY CHARISON "Sandy"

F.E. . . . ?
 N.F. . . . first one asleep on the floor
 F. . . . noisy inmates on the third floor
 A. . . . world cruise

CHERRY COHOE "Cher"

F.E. . . . "Holy snort!"
 N.F. . . . longest hair in class
 F. . . . Sunday evenings
 A. . . . to hook a certain young banker

SUSAN DYCK "Susie"

F.E. . . . "You're crazy!"
 N.F. . . . not hearing her alarm
 F. . . . those short, short guys
 A. . . . take up residence in the apartment

GLADYS EVENSON

F.E. . . . "What shall I wear home this weekend?"
 N.F. . . . spare tires
 F. . . . essays
 A. . . . to nurse in the Winkler Hospital

DELORES FAULKNER "Del"

F.E. . . . "Are you sure?"
 N.F. . . . going home every night
 F. . . . fast walkers
 A. . . . be a city nurse

FAY FIEGE "Fiege"

F.E. . . . "What you doin'? — jeekers!"
 N.F. . . . coming to class late
 F. . . . no roller skating on weekends
 A. . . . to live on a ranch

ELIZABETH FINES "Liz"

F.E. . . . "I could have just d-i-e-d!"
 N.F. . . . innocence
 F. . . . visitors at 2:00 a.m.
 A. . . . she's still thinking

LAUREL FROOM "Laurie "

F.E. . . . "Let's go for dinner."
 N.F. . . . Hanging clouds of hairspray in room 63
 F. . . . a hair out of place
 A. . . . to have the neatest room on the floor

MARIA FUNK

F.E. . . . "Why hurry, we've still got another
 minute."
 N.F. . . . well kept textbooks
 F. . . . hot classrooms
 A. . . . to study tomorrow if time permits

SHIRLEY GEISLER "Fidner"

F.E. . . . "He's sooo crazy!!!"
 N.F. . . . being bright eyed and raring to go at
 6:30 a.m.
 F. . . . messy roommates
 A. . . . ?

MAVIS GILLETT

F.E. . . . If you think *I'm* stooped, you should
 see my brother, he's bent right over."
 N.F. . . . "wild weekends" at Caronport
 F. . . . time between conference and Christmas
 A. . . . to graduate tomorrow

MARY MARLENE GERBRANDT

F.E. . . . "Let's get to work."
 N.F. . . . dimples
 F. . . . exams
 A. . . . to get a private telephone

MARLENE JOAN GIESBRECHT

F.E. . . . "Somebody must have taken my mail."
 N.F. . . . participation in sports
 F. . . . writing essays
 A. . . . to become a black bandit nurse

WENDY HANLIN

F.E. . . . ?
 N.F. . . . losing roommates
 F. . . . people who break windows
 A. . . . to marry as soon as possible

ELSIE HIEBERT

F.E. . . . "Is the mail in yet?"
 N.F. . . . Self-control: goes for supper at 5:00
 instead of 4:30.
 F. . . . slow air mail service
 A. . . . to go without

- PATRICIA HUNT "Squirt"
 F.E. . . . "You know what?"
 N.F. . . . sleeping in
 F. . . . early evenings
 A. . . . to get engaged
- ELINOR JACKSON "Yagi"
 F.E. . . . "Are you mad at me, 'cause I didn't do it."
 N.F. . . . being everyone's pet peeve, especially
 Mrs. Connely's
 F. . . . small closet in 3-64 being teased
 A. . . . around the world with Barky
- CAROL MARIE JOHNSON "Blondie"
 F.F. . . . Myyyy Goodness
 N.F. . . . her desire to study tomorrow night
 F. . . . coming in at 10:00 at night
 A. . . . travel
- SHAREN JOHNSON "Toni"
 F.E. . . . "So you're going to see your Honey
 tonight."
 N.F. . . . her late night phone calls
 F. . . . picking threads off people's clothes
 A. . . . to concentrate on one thing at a time
- PAT KIDD "Kid"
 F.E. . . . "You guys!"
 N.F. . . . receiving flowers
 F. . . . noise while on phone
 A. . . . to have a phone in her room
- JUDY LABATCH
 F.E. . . . "Thank you very much honorable Chinese
 lady."
 N.F. . . . scalping
 F. . . . eating sour fruit
 A. . . . to hang out a hair dressing shingle
- DIANNE LATRACE
 F.E. . . . "This is ridiculous."
 N.F. . . . her "Art"
 F. . . . noise after 10:00 P.M.
 A. . . . to convince her roommate to get up once
 a week and turn off her alarm
- EDITH McCOLM "Toots"
 F.E. . . . "Don't call me, Ethid!"
 N.F. . . . noon hour telephone calls to a certain
 nice redhead
 F. . . . marks below 95%
 A. . . . To make her fortune and settle down to
 spend it
- JUDY MOIRS "Judes"
 F.E. . . . "He's only a friend"
 N.F. . . . talking about "the Bay"
 (good old boys!)
 F. . . . only 20 boy friends calling in one night
 A. . . . to fall in love
- CAROL MURDAZK "Mildred Myrtle"
 F.E. . . . "Very good!"
 N.F. . . . smiling at fellows in red
 F. . . . having those neon signs go on
 A. . . . rid herself of her neon signs
- ELIZABETH NIKKEL "Betty"
 F.E. . . . "Did you get a letter?"
 N.F. . . . her look of innocence
 F. . . . last name (5c piece)
 A. . . . to raise her hgb.
- HELEN PENNER
 F.E. . . . "Three years!"
 N.F. . . . paging interns (initiation)
 F. . . . 7 A.M. alarm
 A. . . . traveling
- DOREEN PLANTJE "Krabby"
 F.E. . . . "Keep your shoes off my bed."
 N.F. . . . washing her hair and taking a bath
 F. . . . musty-smelling drawers
 A. . . . get a good sleep — just once
- JOY REICHERT "Joyous"
 F.E. . . . "Dearest"
 N.F. . . . always laughing
 F. . . . crabby classmates
 A. . . . to make it to class on time
- CHRISTINA REMPEL "Chris"
 F.E. . . . "Hey you kids!"
 N.F. . . . going to prayers at 7:15 A.M.
 F. . . . getting steamed in Sick Bay
 A. . . . Nomad
- MARION ROBERTSON "Kiljoy"
 F.E. . . . "You don't have to know."
 N.F. . . . her dark mysterious social life
 F. . . . crawling under the bed for her slippers
 A. . . . to discover an easy way to get up in the
 morning without waking
- LESLEY ROGERS
 F.E. . . . "Good grief!"
 N.F. . . . getting lost between the Residence and
 Cafeteria
 F. . . . only one phone on each floor
 A. . . . to move at any speed faster than dead
 stop
- HARRIET ROSBURG "Hattie"
 F.E. . . . "Oh I'm so dumb!"
 N.F. . . . playing the piano
 F. . . . bathing in cold water
 A. . . . a trip around the world after training
- LORRAINE RUDD "Ruddy Rudd"
 F.E. . . . ?
 N.F. . . . playing tricks in the "wee hours"
 F. . . . her lacking?? love life
 A. . . . to be an old maid with nine cats
- WILLOW SCOTT "Butterball"
 F.E. . . . "You big fibber."
 N.F. . . . being a little spark on wards
 F. . . . missing a certain phone call
 A. . . . to be as slim as "Oscar"

DIANE SHARESKI "Di"

F.E. "I wanna go home."
N.F. . . . standing on the corner shouting questions at herself (initiation)
F. . . . the kitchenette
A. . . . to overcome the desire to lay down whenever she sees her bed

LESLEY SIMMONS "Les"

F.E. . . .?
N.F. . . . sleeping in
F. . . . eating alone; messy kitchenette
A. . . . do a B.P. properly

HEATHER SINCLAIR "Hever"

F.E. . . . Come it you guys."
N.F. . . . her wit and practical jokes
F. . . . her naturally curly hair
A. . . . to raise nine kids

JANET SKIEHAR "Jan"

F.E. . . . "You're kidding!"
N.F. . . . chasing tall dark handsome men
F. . . . getting up at 7:15 and barely having time to make her bed
A. . . . to get a full 8 hours of sleep

ROSE THIESSEN "Rosie"

F.E. . . . "Evenson, please leave that window open."
N.F. . . . expressive brown eyes and intelligent remarks in class
F. . . . Monday mornings
A. . . . to go on a world tour

CAROL THORLACIUS "Thor"

F.F. . . . "My Mom said I could."
N.F. . . . Friday cheer
F. . . . city
A. . . . to live in the country

DEANNA TOMASSON "Dean"

F.E. . . . "Guess what I saw tonight!"
N.F. . . . late telephone calls
F. . . . ten o'clock
A. . . . to travel

CAROL WADE

F.E. . . . "Great"
N.F. . . . keeping the pay phone tied up
F. . . . not enough hours in the day for sleeping
A. . . . to get a portable toothbrush so she can make it to class on time

SUSAN WALL "Sue"

F.E. . . . "Noooo!!!"
N.F. . . . exciting weekends
F. . . . daydreaming
A. . . . that of every girl

FRIEDA WARKENF "Fritz"

F.E. . . . "Oh jiggers"
N.F. . . . : : : ringing laughter
F. . . . weekends at Grace
A. . . . farmer's wife

HELGA WIENS "Wiens"

F.E. . . . "Crumb!"
N.F. . . . phone calls from Mother
F. . . . ringing of alarm clock at 6:45 a.m.
A. . . . nursing in the city

MARTHA WILMS

F.E. . . . "Jiggers"
N.F. . . . sending anonymous letters and notes
F. . . . not getting letters
A. . . . teacher's wife

CHRISTINE WILLIAMS "Chris"

F.E. . . . "Oh rats"
N.F. . . . hopping around
F. . . . eating meat and trying to get the phone
A. . . . trip to Europe



FAITH

If I could feel my hand, dear Lord, in Thine,
And surely know
That I was walking in the light divine,
Through weal or woe;

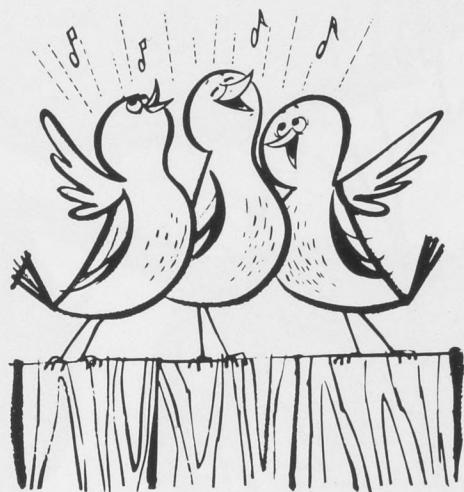
If I could hear Thy voice in accents sweet
But plainly say,
To guide my trembling, groping, wandering feet,
"This is the way,"

I would so gladly walk therein, but now
I cannot see.
Oh, give me, Lord, the faith to humbly bow
And trust in Thee!

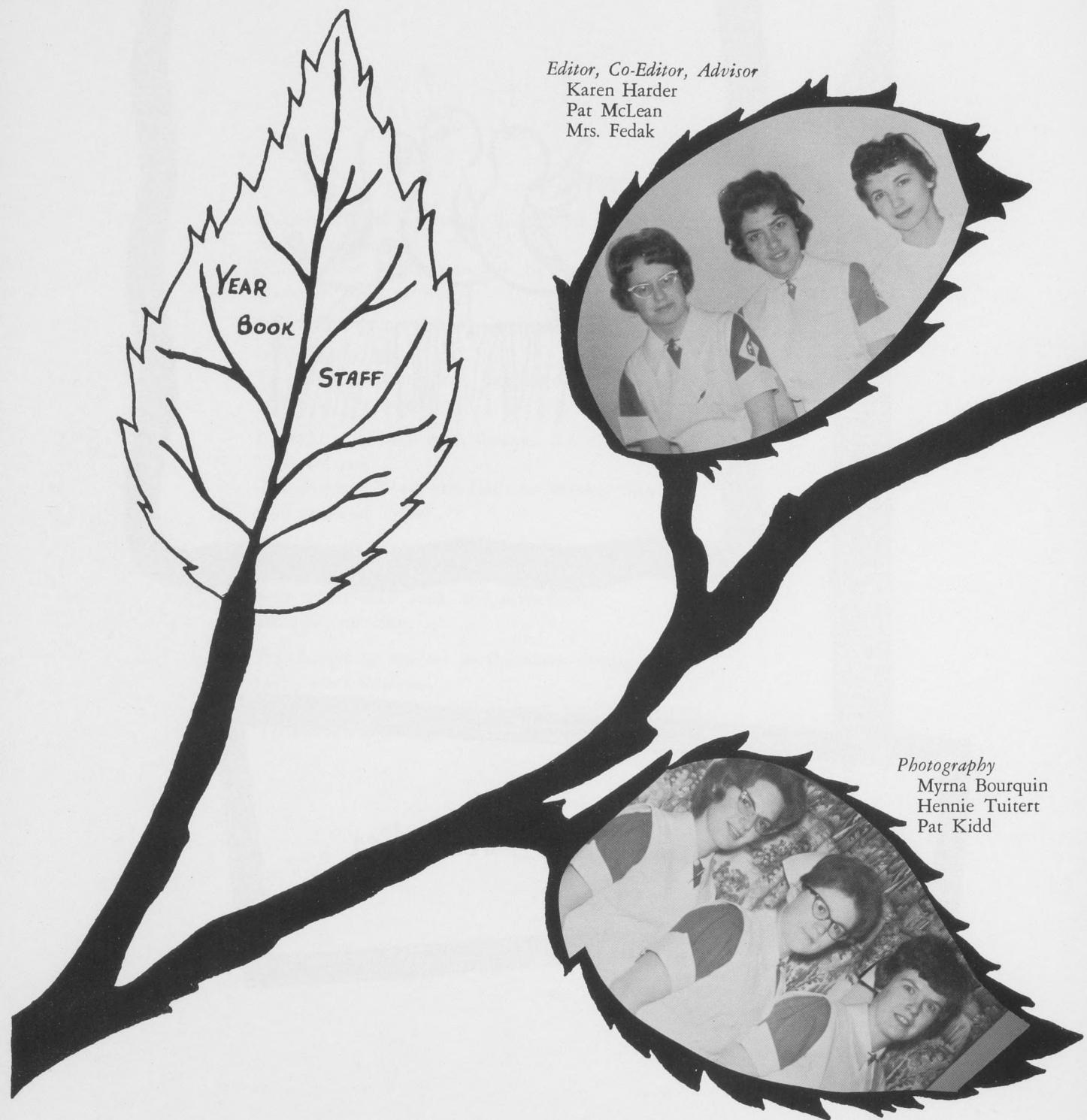
There is no faith in seeing, were we led
Like children here,
And lifted over rock and river-bed,
No care, no fear;

We should be useless in the busy throng,
Life's work undone;
Lord, make us brave and earnest, true and strong,
'Til heaven is won.

HARAH K. BOLTON



Extra-Curricular Activities



Editor, Co-Editor, Advisor

Karen Harder
Pat McLean
Mrs. Fedak

Photography
Myrna Bourquin
Hennie Tuitert
Pat Kidd



Advertising
Cathy Born
Ellen Long
Judy Moirs

Sales and Promotion
Marilyn Somers
Pat Henswold
Judy Labatch
Pauline Ruggles

Literary
Edna Harder
Kathy Knight
Chris Williams

EDITORIAL

We, the yearbook staff, have attempted to make possible a recollection of some of the many memories experienced in our three years of training at "The Grace."

I wish to express a very sincere Thank-you to all who made this yearbook possible: To an excellent yearbook staff, to the entire student body, and to the business firms who advertised in this book. A very special thanks goes to our advisor—Mrs. Fedak for her consideration and suggestions, and to Miss Viola Loewen for the many hours she spent typing in order to meet the final typesetting deadline.

May the future hold the best of everything for each and everyone.

Karen Harder
Editor

Student Council

President's Message

Another year has slipped away and to each and every student — Thank-you for your ardent support and congratulations on tasks performed.

Special congratulations to the Yearbook Committee who have formulated this perfect memoir of 1963-64.
"Light is the task when many share the toil."

—Homer—Iliad
Sharon Nichol



President	Sharon Nichol
Vice-President	Katherine Peters
Secretary-Treasurer	Sharon Conly
Advisors	Captain Johnson Miss Seeman
Residence Committee	Judy Barron
Yearbook	Karen Harder
N.C.F.	Pauline Funk
Library	Irene Rempel
Sports	Loretta Loeppky
Social	Chris Fehr
Constitutional	Carol Hutchison
M.S.N.A. Representative	Barbara Masson



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

For us it's here, the hour of graduation! We have finished one great experience and are about to begin a new one. This world of ours, so full of disease and suffering presents a challenge to the Christian heart. Henceforth, we have a vital charge — a burden to share with One who has been named "The Great Physician." May we become an instrument of mercy to all those we tend, seeking always each small opportunity to mend souls as well as bodies.

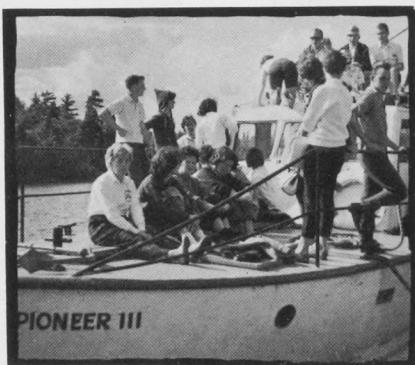
—Pauline Funk



K. Peters, K. Harder, M. Lapp
M. Penner, E. Harder, N. Pattinson, J. Peters
Missing: Cathy Born



N.C.F. ACTIVITIES



Student Nurses' Committees



Sports



Social



Constitutional



Residence



Library



M. S. N. A. MEETING

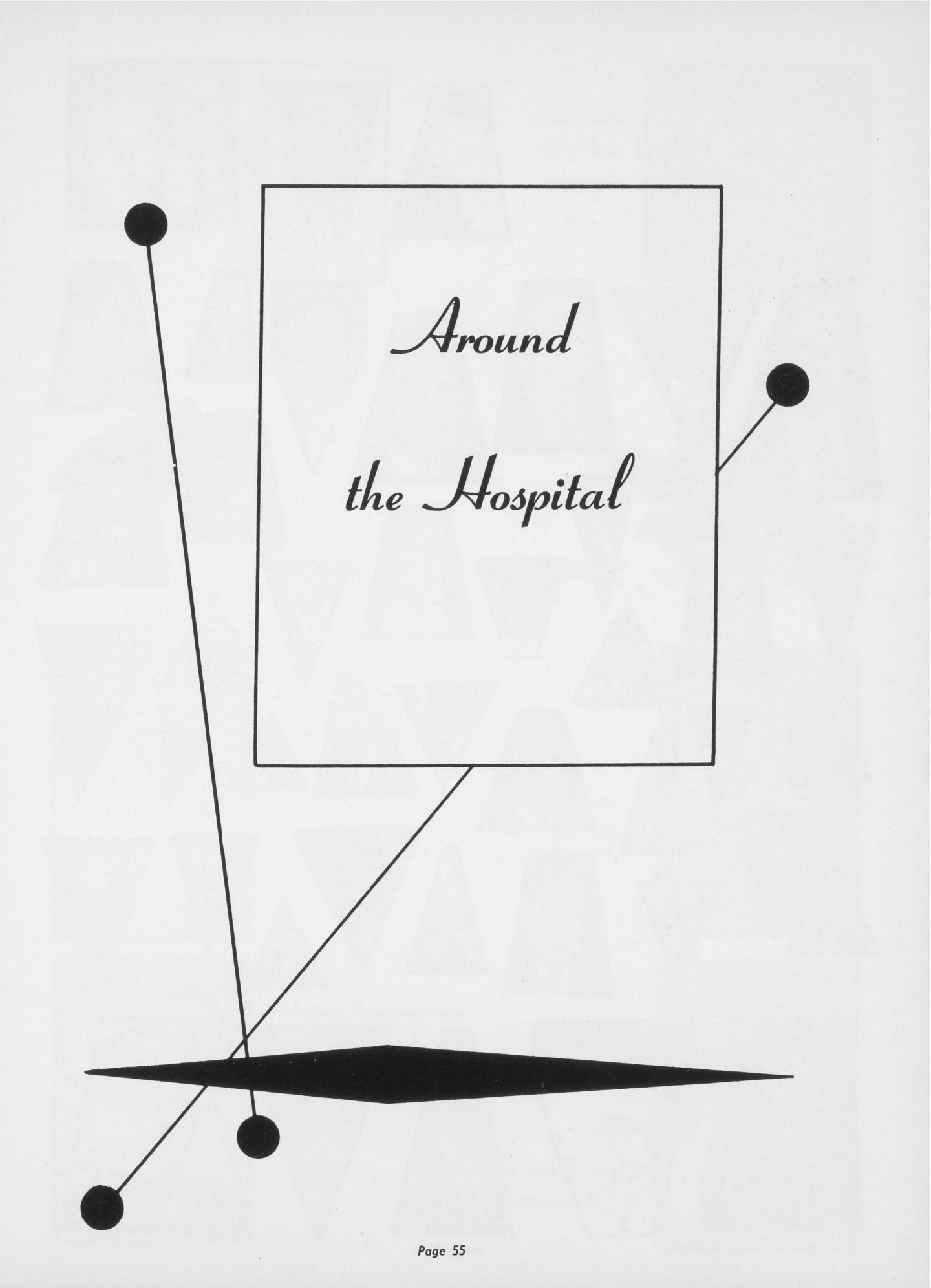
Winter Wonderland Tea



GRADUATION DAY

God gave me three short years
In the service of mankind,
To help the ailing sick
The road of health to find.
Now my student life is over,
And the final day is here
When I graduate with pride
And shed a saddened tear.
For I have felt the sting of death
And felt the breath of life.
I have walked the road of nursing
Amid suffering, pain and strife.
I have been a lump of clay
In the Potter's Hand,
And now I pray He makes me worthy
Of this nurse's black band.

ETHEL HARLOW



Around

the Hospital

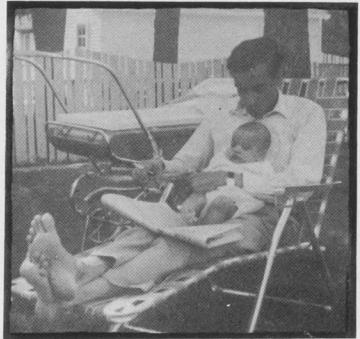
Some doctors We work with



Our
Health Nurse
→

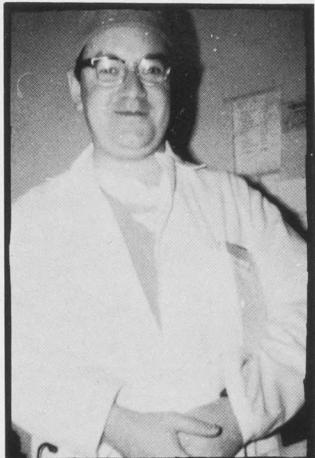
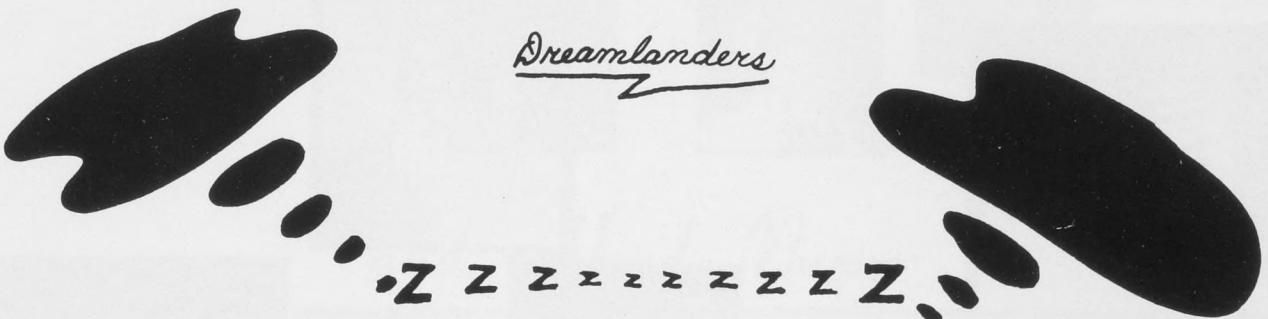


Students'
Doctor
→



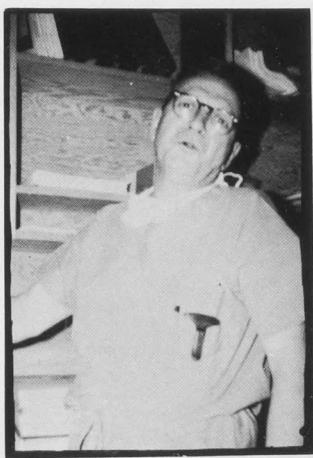
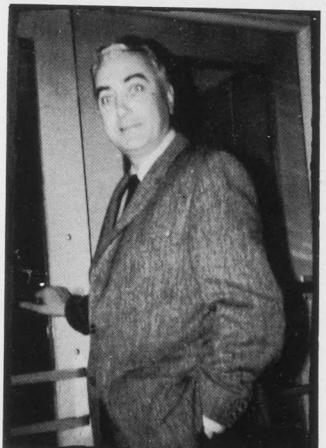
* * * *

Dreamlanders



"Now see if you
can count to ten"
←

→
"Doch! Was THAT
a student!?"



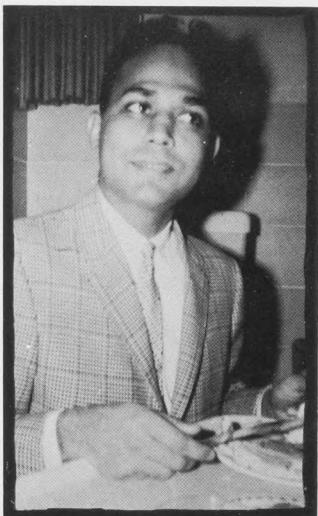
"Oh no! Not another
op! It's after four!"
←

→
"Who took my
machine!!!"

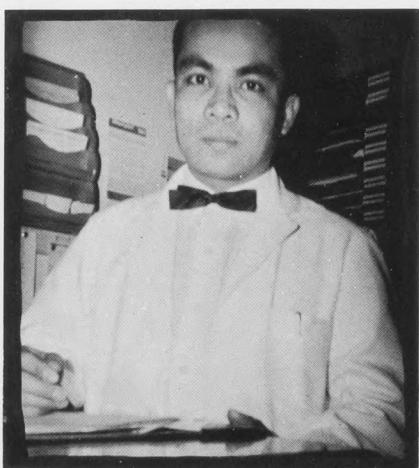




Our



Interns





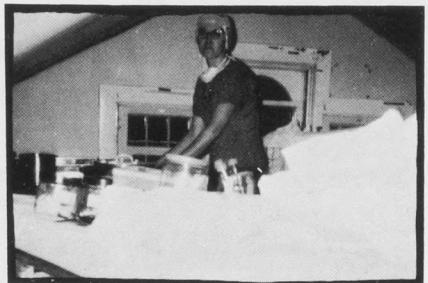
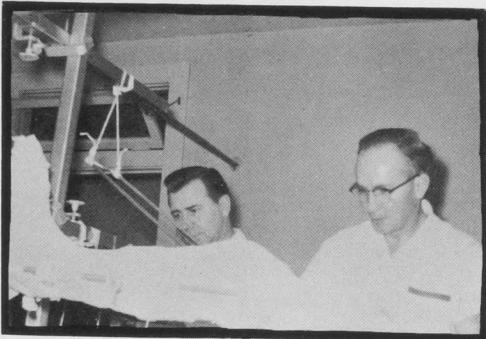
Our Supervisors

and Head Nurses

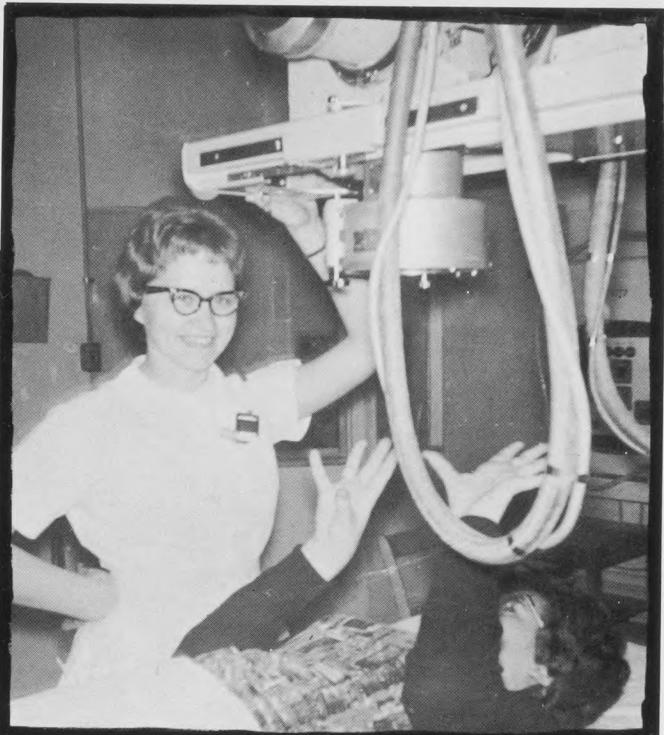


THIRD ROW: Mrs. Farley, Miss Sparrow, Miss MacLeod, Miss Clark, Mrs. Munchinsky. SECOND ROW: Mrs. Orton, Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. Shaw, Miss Rusk, Miss Wasio, Mrs. Zacharias, Miss Meneer. FIRST ROW: Mrs. Oakes, Mrs. Spires, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Ager. Missing; Mrs. Pratt.

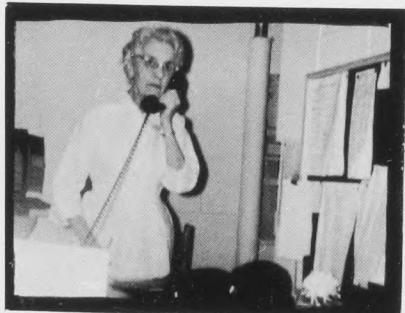
Some of Our Aides and Orderlies



Special Departments



X-RAY DEPARTMENT—



Admitting



Medical Records



Switchboard



MRS. RICHARDS
One of her duties — Student
Nurse's Allowance.

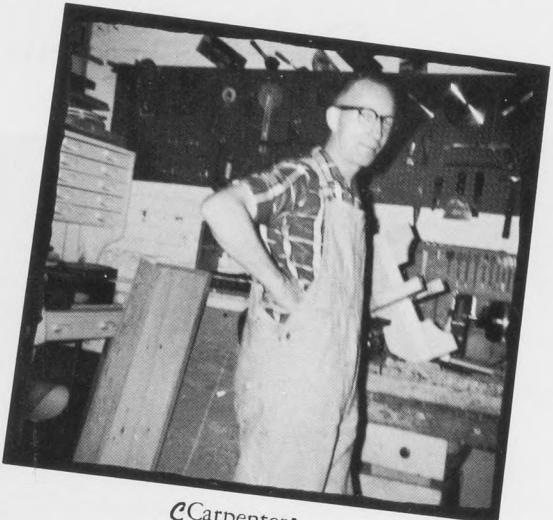


Laboratory

Some Departments



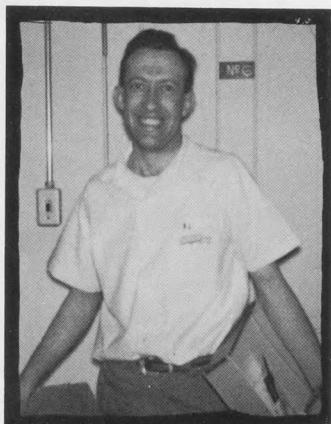
g, Janitors



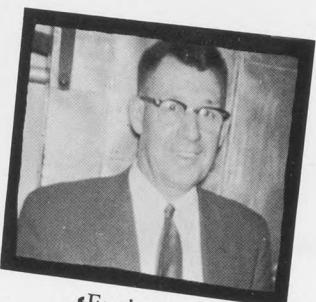
C Carpenter



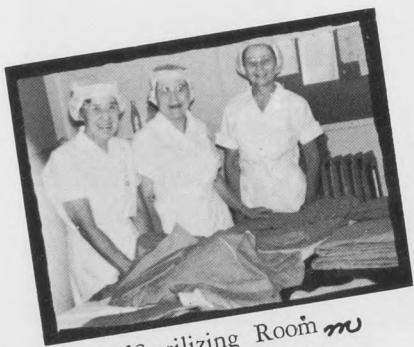
*m Maintenance
as and Painter*



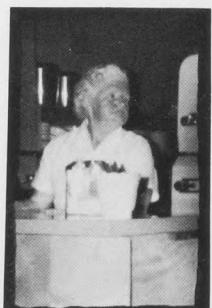
Stores



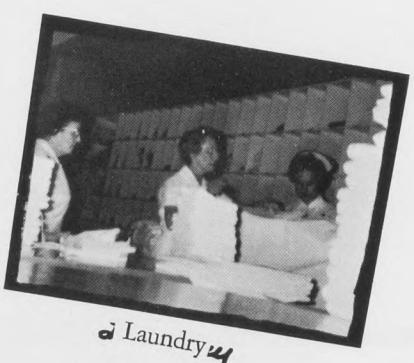
Engineer



Sterilizing Room



C.N.I.B.



Laundry

*Our
Home*

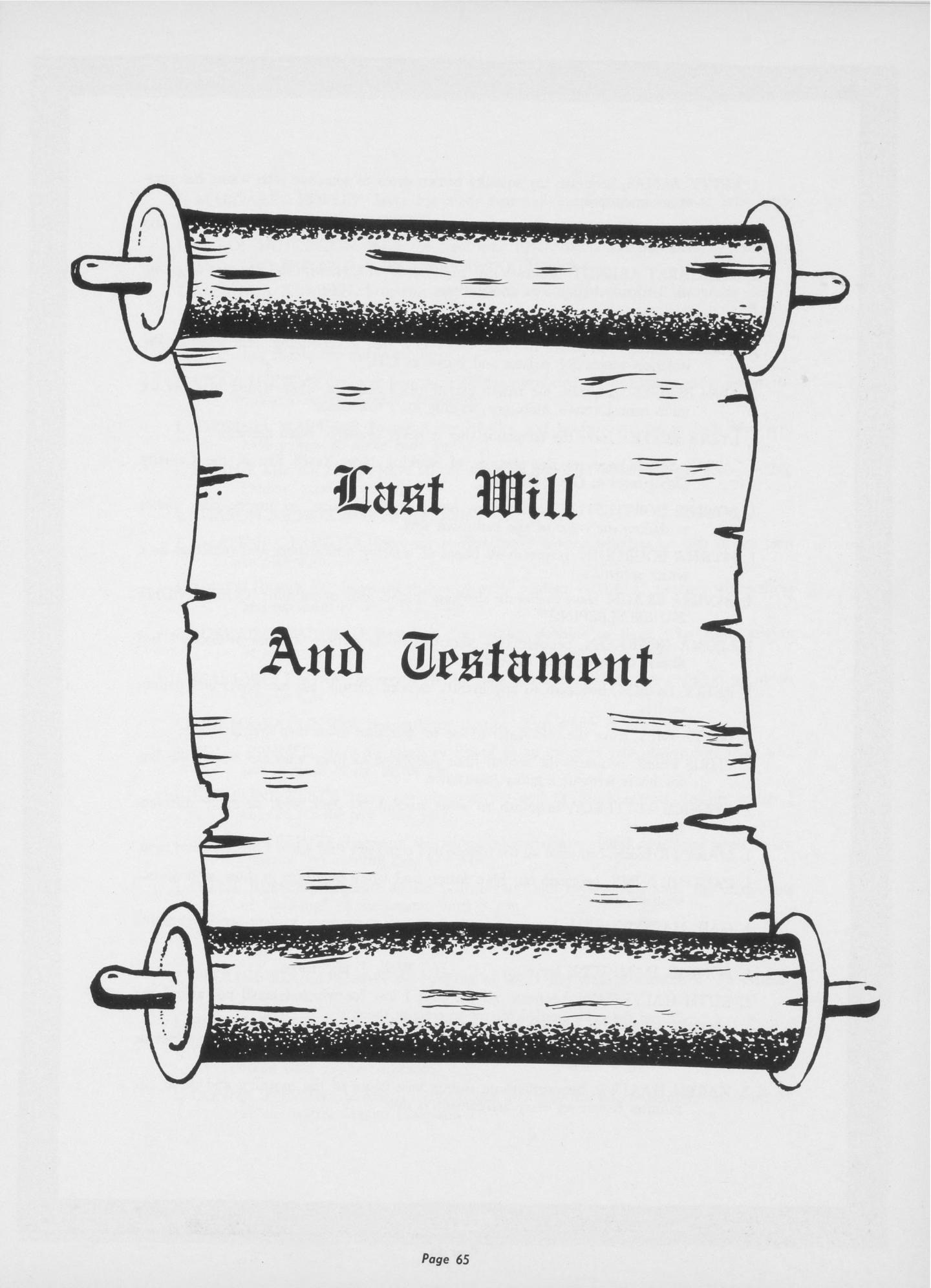


Housemothers

and

Housekeepers





Last Will
And Testament

I, BETTY ALMAS, bequeath my squeaky brown shoes to someone who wants her presence announced.

I, BARBARA ANDERSON, bequeath the wonderful times I spent in the O.R. and the nursery.

I, MARGARET ARENDT, bequeath my "night term" at C.H. with the pleasure of giving the patients their 4 a.m. medications.

I, JUDY BARRON, bequeath my calm, subdued chuckle.

I, SHIRLEY BELEY, bequeath to those who follow that never-ending term spent in the isolation rooms for palates and burns at C.H.

I, ANN BERGEN, bequeath the frozen extremities I acquired while sitting in a car six miles from Carman, Manitoba, waiting for a tow truck.

I, LYDIA BETTIG, leave the telephone that is never available when needed.

I CATHY BORN, bequeath the pleasure of working New Year's Eve in the Casualty Department at Grace Hospital.

I, BONNIE BORTHISTLE, bequeath my bottle of "Technique" to anyone who wishes to darken the color of the bathroom sink.

I, MYRNA BOURQUIN, bequeath all hopes of wearing white shoes and stockings as a senior student.

I, ALVINA BRAUN, leave to you the sleepless "nights" due to the sign: "QUIET, NIGHT NURSE SLEEPING!"

I, LEONA DOERKSEN, bequeath the library with its endless volumes of books I had always meant to read some day.

I, BETTY DUECK, bequeath to any literary minded person all my essays and patient studies.

I, BETTY FAST, leave the cold water to use for purposes other than taking a bath.

I, CHRIS FEHR, bequeath the second floor telephone to those who can tie up the line for hours without a guilty conscience.

I, BERNICE FETTERLY, bequeath to some student my luck with so many different roommates.

I, MARY FRIESEN, bequeath all the footstools I could not find when I needed them most.

I, PAULINE FUNK, bequeath our blue dusters and white pinafores to those who do not wish to diet.

I, GAIL HAINSWORTH, leave the noon noise to some poor student working nights while living on first floor.

I, BONNIE HAMPTON, leave ?? Well, I just leave.

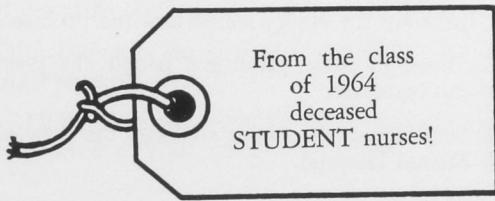
I, RUTH HALVERSON, bequeath all the cups I lost for which I could not afford the 2c and the pride needed for me to reclaim them.

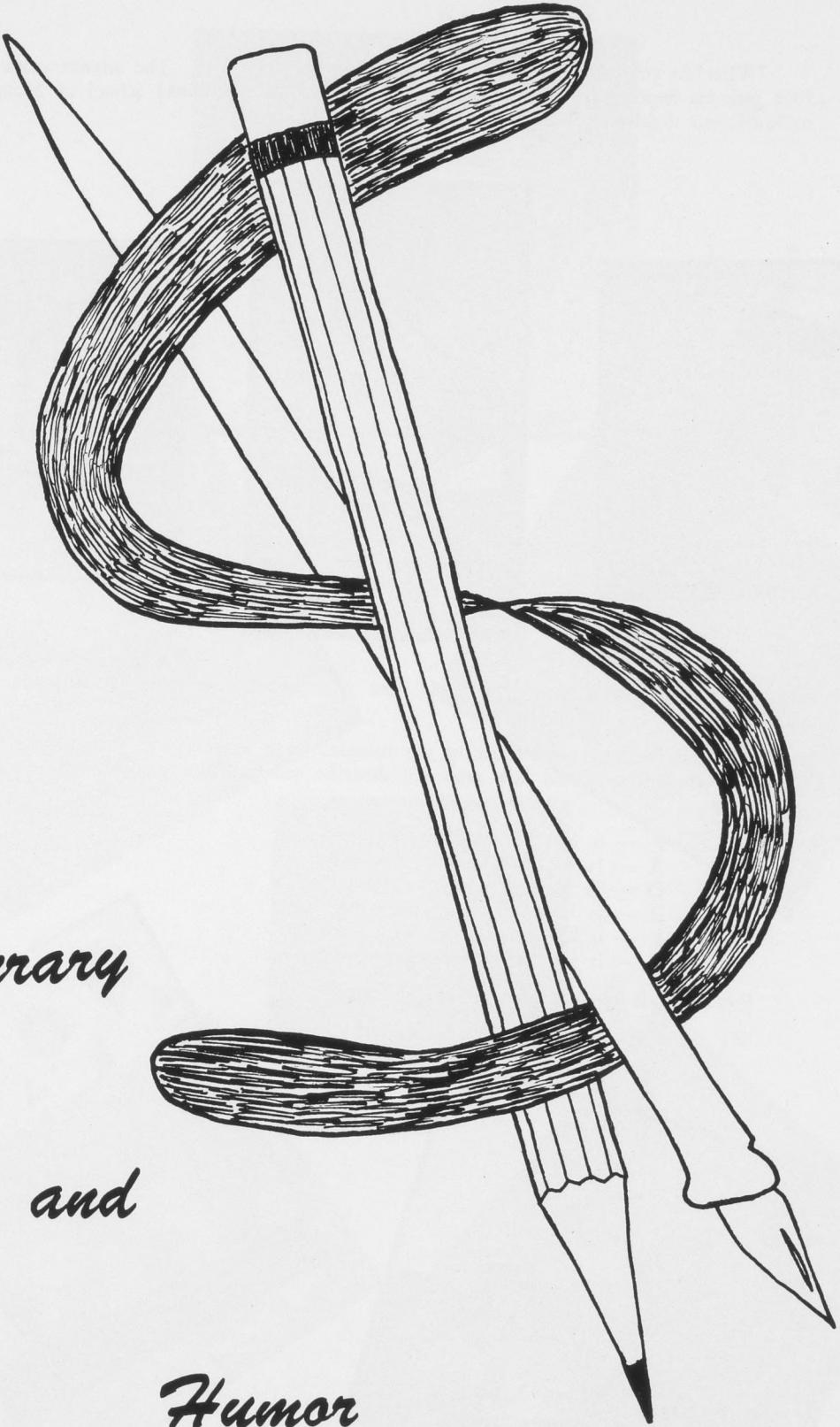
I EDNA HARDER, bequeath the 12 o'clock curfew in your senior year. May you not be working evenings.

I, KAREN HARDER, bequeath those frantic wee hours of the morning and those last minutes before an essay assignment is due.

- I, MARGARET HOPLEY, leave my many hours of evening duty to those who enjoy sleeping in the mornings.
- I, CAROL HUTCHISON, leave the mile hike before breakfast, the fresh air, and the sixty long stairs at the Selkirk Nurses' Residence.
- I ALFRIEDA KLASSEN, bequeath my mailbox to anyone who will faithfully dust it twice a day as I did.
- I, LORETTA LOEPPKY, bequeath my cardboard boxes to those who cannot afford to buy trunks for the storeroom.
- I, VIOLA LOEWEN, leave to you the efficiently emptied waste baskets each day at the Grace Hospital Nurses' Residence.
- I, VIRGINIA MARTENS, bequeath my needles and bobbins to the probies who will have to sew to make ends meet.
- I, BONNIE MacDOUGALL, leave all the space in Room 11 which my pet bear — "Big Dudley" used to occupy.
- I, SHARON NICHOL, leave "Grace" fully.
- I, DARLENE OHLINGER, leave my stuffed cat to anyone who has no toys of her own to play with.
- I, HELEN PAETKAU, leave the dream of every student — that of wearing white shoes and stockings in her senior year.
- I, LORRAINE PAETKAU, bequeath the surplus bobbins to those who enjoy sewing as much as I did.
- I, MARJORIE PAGAN, bequeath all the joys and memories of my evenings spent on duty at C.H.
- I, NORMA PATTINSON, bequeath my dusting cloth which is still clean.
- I, EDNA PENNER, leave the closet in Room 44 to the next two unfortunate ones who had as much "stuff" as we had.
- I, EMMELINE PLETT, leave my place at the end of the breakfast line-up which I enjoyed for the past three years.
- I, AMANDA REIMER, bequeath the strong, muscular arm that I developed while doing "physios" on evening duty at C.H.
- I, IRENE REMPEL, bequeath to the unfortunate ones on evening shift the enjoyment of "gabbing" in the lounge until 3 a.m.
- I, BARBARA RISBY, bequeath to you the residence with all its memories and joys, walls and bars.
- I, PAULINE RUGGLES, leave the banging of doors and teenage screams in the Nurses' Residence.
- I, ELSIE SAWATSKY, bequeath my empty wallet and the problems it created.
- I, DONNA SHARESKI, leave to those privileged people the pleasure of living in the room next to the bathroom.
- I, DONNA SKINNER, bequeath to the future affiliates the poor plumbing on Ward M at the Selkirk Mental Hospital.

- I, MARILYN SOMERS, bequeath my love of flowers and plants to: brighten up a room, collect dust, and drive your roommate wild.
- I, RUTH SPRUNG, bequeath credit to anyone who can run a Miller-Abbot apparatus without having difficulty.
- I, RUTH SUDERMAN, bequeath my numerous bottles of Fergon and Tolifer to anyone fighting a similar losing battle with a low hemo globin.
- I, ANNA SUITTERS, bequeath my alarm clock to anyone who dreams of waking up to the beautiful sound of "chimes" in the morning.
- I, TRUDENE SYKES, bequeath my dreams of graduation to the undergraduates!





Literary

and

Humor

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

"What do you want to be when you finish high school?" The answer came to fifty girls on September 6, 1961 as we entered the Grace Hospital School of Nursing to fulfill our dreams of being "The Lady with the Lamp."



The title holds true in a sense but more commonly is this Lady seen with needles, medications, bedpans, and drawsheets.

Our first feelings were those of joy mingled with anxiety and excitement. Our label was Probationers and how true. To describe our first six months here was our class song:

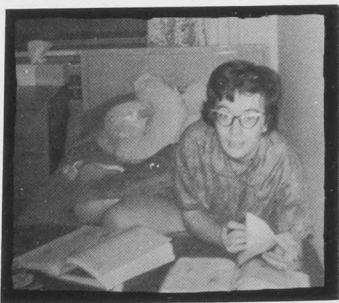
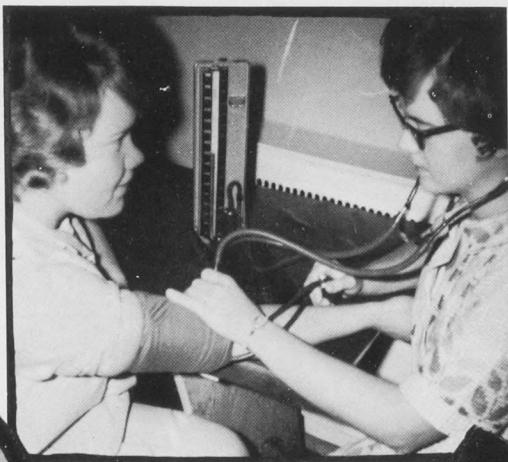
P — is for the problems we've created.
R — is for the rules we must obey.
O — is for the orders we are taking.
B — is for the boring times they say.
I — is for the intellects that teach us.
E — is for those everlasting days.

Put them all together and they spell Probie.

We wonder if they're going to let us stay.



The first six months consisted mainly of concentrated studying, classes and practical work.⁴



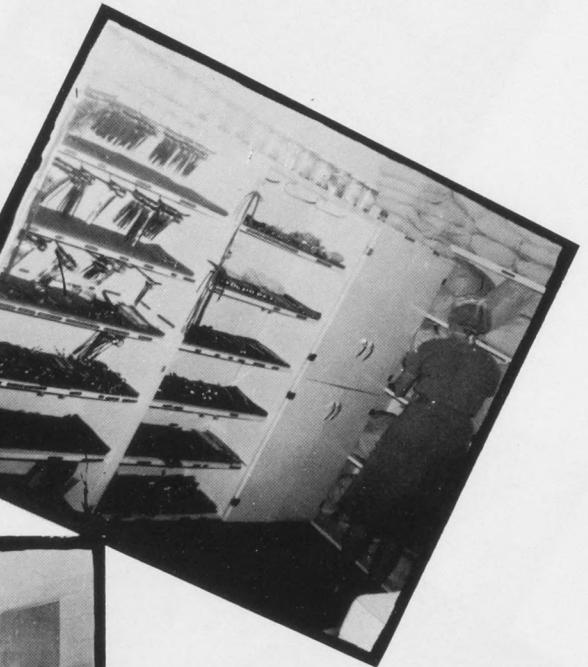
We were officially accepted into the School of Nursing when we received our caps at the Capping Ceremony. This brought with it the title "Junior" which sounded so much better than "Probie."



With the completion of Junior Block our class branched out into the different fields of nursing. Remember that first change list! How frightening!

The Operating Room was a complete new *green* world. The key words here were germs and hemostat. The famous yell was "Don't just do something; stand there."

The speed and efficiency of the surgeons made it very difficult for new student nurses — you'd hand them the scalpel and he'd ask for the skin suture.





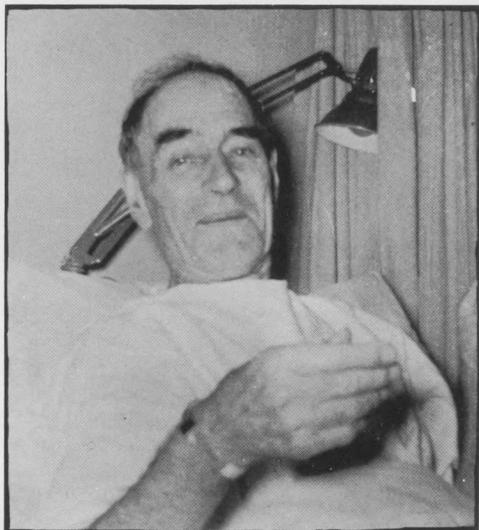
The diet kitchen brought with it eggnogs, milkshakes, caloric diets, and burnt casseroles. Here calories were counted just like narcotics were on wards — still we added inches to our waistlines.



Other classmates remained on wards doing the A.M. care, giving medications, and numerous other duties.

The password on the medical floor was "Nurse, my bowels won't move," and "Digoxin."

On surgical floors the password was "bleeding." What was more rewarding than to see a post-operative patient drinking sufficiently so you would not have to call the busy doctor to start an intravenous; that stable blood pressure of 120/70, pulse 72, dressing dry and intact and lastly but one of the most important voided post-op? Only to return in a few days and find the patient up walking or discharged.



A patient



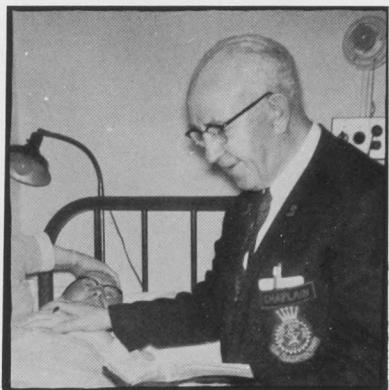
Prayers



Coffee time-midnight snack



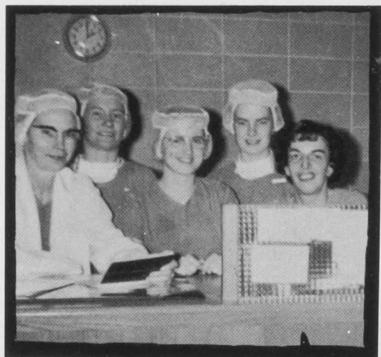
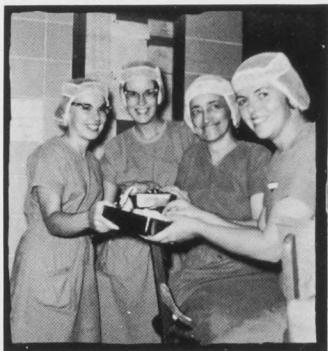
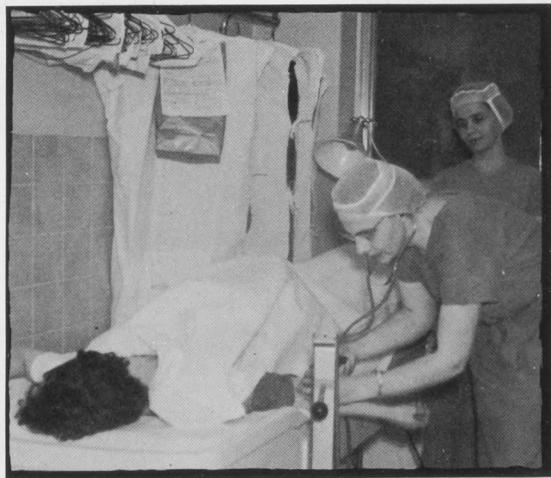
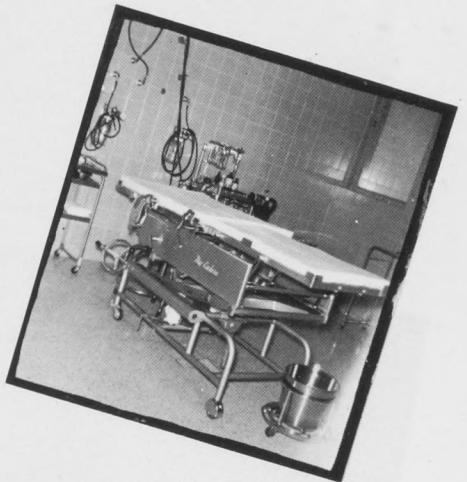
Second Counter



Our Chaplain

Obstetrics revealed to us the wonder of seeing future student nurses being ushered into this scientific world. (as far as the female births was concerned. Maybe in twenty years we'll see more male nurses).

In the Case Room, the doctor's phrase was, "Never trust a woman!" and their favourite question was "Do you want it or should I put it back?"

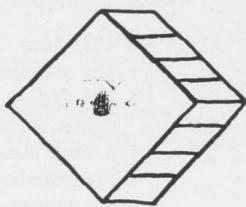
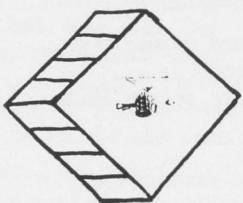
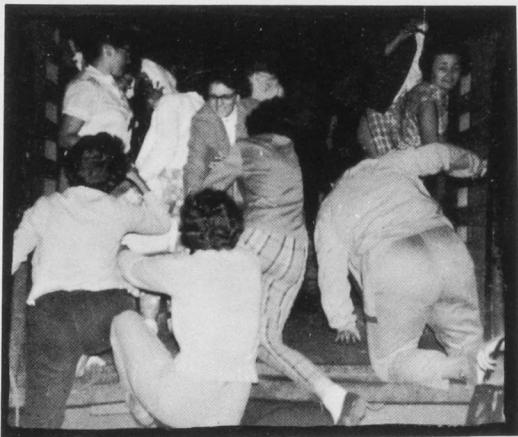


From here we followed through with maternity and nursery (here we had an insight to miniature nursing).



Closely associated with the nursery was the formula room. There was usually no problem as to what to serve. The usual menu was 9 oz. carnation, 1½ tablespoons of sugar (some fussy doctors may order corn syrup), and 32 oz. of water. The big question here was was it born before or after 12 o'clock.

September of 1962 — Intermediates at last! No one seemed to notice those bar-pins. We did because we only got fifty cents out of that month's pay check.



In March of 1963 our class divided for affiliation.

At Selkirk Mental Hospital we realized that among our classmates there were schizophrenics, manic depressives, those that were both and then those that were neither. There are a few yet in which we can carefully say N.Y.D.

I am quite sure that my fellow classmates will agree that we were very thankful for our brown booties at Selkirk especially on our evening outings in the Recreation Hall. "Oh — oh — h Nurse!"

The common diagnosis of "schiz" at Selkirk changed to "itis" at Children's. Here we encountered vomiting kids, diapers and feeding tickets. I don't suppose we'll ever forget the buzzer system and those beautiful residence rooms. This proved to be a wonderful unforgettable experience.

Our training led us through intensive care (with it coughing, deep breathing and leg exercises); public health and casualty.

Selkirk Mental Hospital



Psychiatric training coming up! The idea frightened us. Regardless of the encouragement and reassurance given by the more experienced who had "come through."

Lock, stock, and barrel, we moved out. Really, it is amazing what a pile of "junk" one can collect without realizing it! This we quickly learned during packing. If we had only known of the souvenirs we would bring back with us—and the memories!

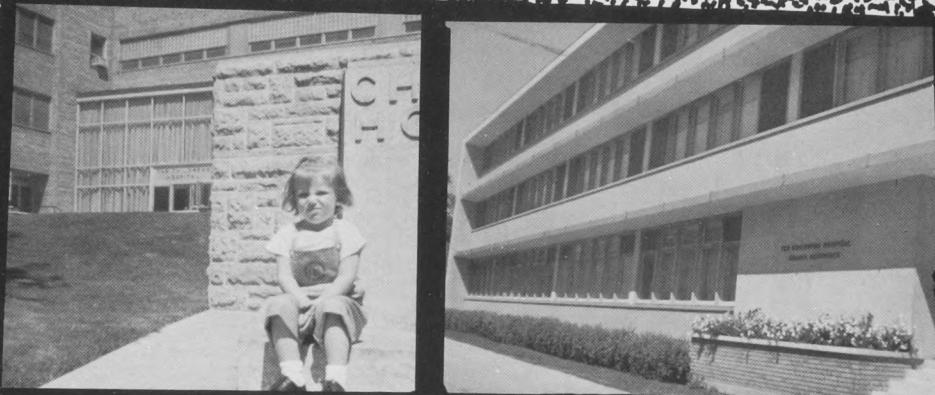
- that first day on duty as we played — or learned to play cards.
- the insulin wards and all those glucose syringes!!
- the ladies from Ward G who loved to dance at the Friday night socials.
- a sing song with the aged from Ward J.
- “personality development” as requested on the examination.
- the “hurricane” between Rehab. and the Infirmary.
- “Just walkin in the rain” on our way to breakfast at 6:30 a.m.
- Summer, sunshine, swimming, tennis and eating sessions. (Or Winter, woolens and wetness).

These things we'll always remember! We came back with something else, too. We had a glimpse of why people are as they are, and more important, why we react as we do. We saw people working with the abstract mind — as real a work as making a bed.



"Empathy, not sympathy" — remember girls?
Remember!!! Who'll ever forget!!!

Winnipeg Children's Hospital



Affiliates at the Winnipeg Children's Hospital! That's us! It seems impossible that twelve weeks of our pediatric experiences could have come to an end so quickly. What was it like?

"Croupettes, croupettes everywhere, and not a stitch that's dry."

"Feed the toddlers, feed the babies . . . "

"One — two — three — oh, those crumby micro drips!"

"Lesson time! — a three-year-old announces: "I have benign prostatic hyperplasia."

"14 — 13 — 12 — 11 more nights to go before a day off!"

"Steam room — straight hair and limp cap and uniform."

"I must have C.H. 'itis."

"I'm sorry doctor — I'm a student and can't take verbal orders."

"I'm in the Cleft Palate room again!"

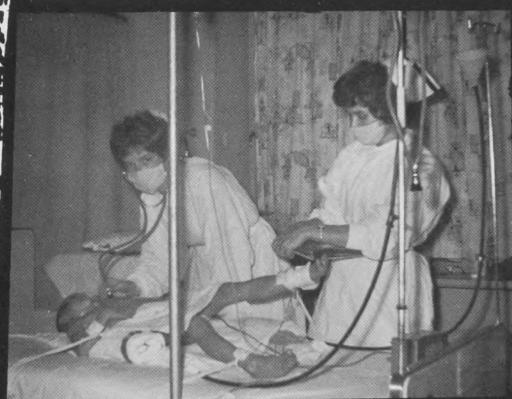
"Nurse! This is isolation and we DON'T pick things from the floor."

"Pick out the best characteristics of the G&D of a ten-month-old from list given you."

Yes, that's C.H. It will always have a corner in our memories. The girls we worked with won't be forgotten. Thanks to their frequent rescuing, all concerned with our experiences survived.

For their sake and all who love those Children may we echo a favorite prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray, Dear Lord, my 'Children' keep."



Public Health

Once again the senior class is spending two weeks with the public health nurse. This year plans are being made for the students to visit rural areas as well as urban areas of other towns if they wish.

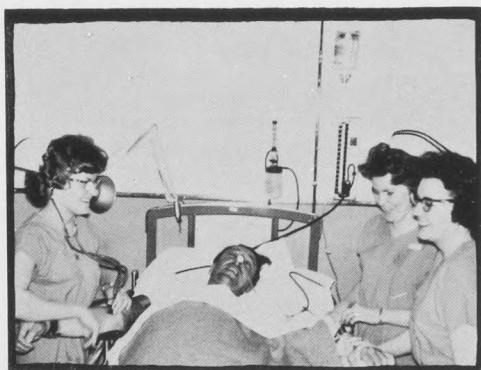
However, until these plans are completed, we will continue to go to the department in St. James.

The time we spend in Public Health helps us visualize that nursing care does not stop on the patient's discharge, but also extends beyond the boundaries of hospital care.

Knowing this will perhaps make us better hospital nurses because we will realize the importance of teaching as part of the long-term care, as is also carried out in part by the public health nurse.

In observing the nurse in her daily activities, we may see a career for ourselves in the Public Health field. It is a field well worth looking into and inquiring about.





Intensive Care



Casualty



Pharmacy

In September of 1963 our caps donned black bands. We were Seniors. Remember the Hay Ride. This celebrated the beginning of our third and last year. Our class song became:

We are the Senior girls.
We wear our hair in curls
We wear our dungarees rolled up above our knees.
We'll do the best we can to get ourselves a man
And if we don't succeed, we'll take an orderly.



This introduced us to senior evenings on wards. I would like to contribute my version of Tennyson's life.

"I slept, I dreamt that Life was beauty.
I woke and saw that Life was evening duty."

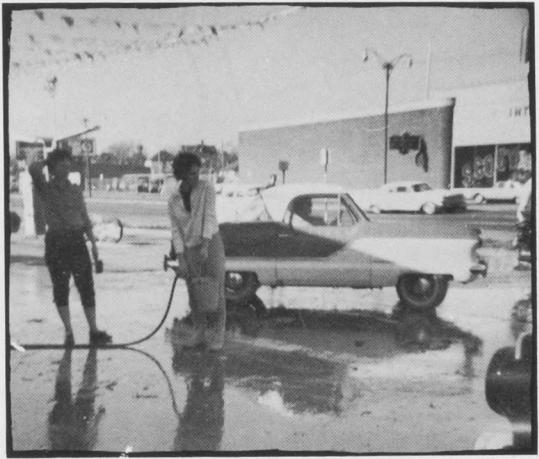
The parade of diamonds started in December of 1961. Several have followed, others especially the active members of the Ol' Maids' Club are waiting for a lucky popcorn box. Being President of this club I wish to contribute this poem:

"It is better to have loved and lost,
Than to do arithmetic homework for six kids."

So fellow unattached classmates let's console ourselves.



The car wash proved to be a great success. We wish to thank all who brought their cars to be washed. The car wash and several bake sales were held as money-raising projects for the yearbook.



Our class 1964 song this year goes as follows:

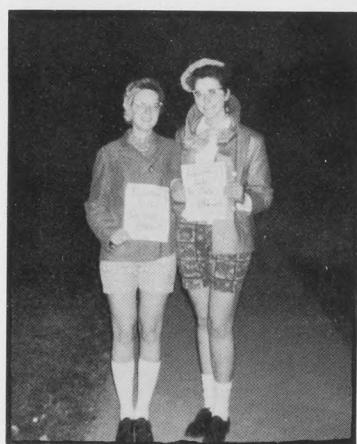
We just dropped by to tell you that we're students from Grace;
We're ramblin' students, gamblin' students, but no disgrace.
We work eight hours a day and get 50c pay
But when it comes to doing things there's no delay.

We're in our 3rd year now as you may have guessed
And our financial situation is rather pressed.
So listen and we'll tell you we're in Class '64
Just contemplate a minute — you couldn't ask for more.

We have the supervisors runnin' in a spin.
The way they look you over, their hearts you couldn't win.
But if they really push us we'll be nurses some day.
Don't overdo it, we'll overdo it in May.

Fellow classmates, as we depart to our separate ways, may we never forget some of these experiences we encountered together. With graduation in sight our motto is "Look Mom, white shoes!"

E. HARDER
Class '64



"We're making our
first million!"



Ugh!

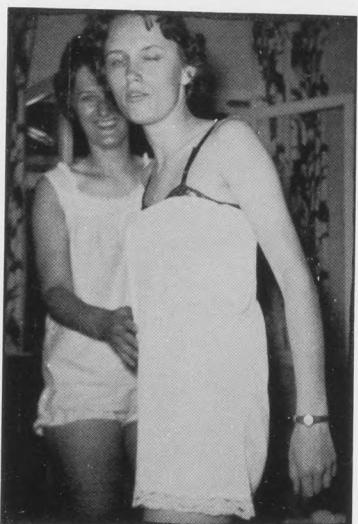


"Will you be mine?"
"I will!"



"See me do the twist!"

Our Own Candid Camera



"I style uniforms for comfort!"



Sweet Sophistication



Just plain poverty!!

Page 85



"Aren't I demure?"



Hurry, kids! The banquet begins in one hour!



Just married (?)



Was the kitchen locked?



The night on the town!



R-r-r-r-r-ip



Fortune telling?

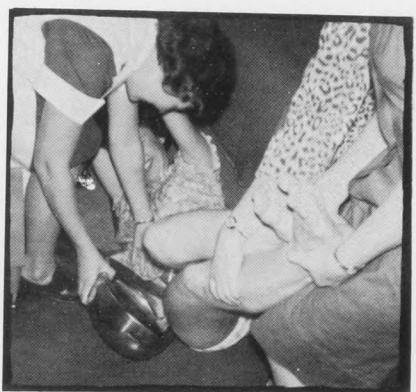


ooh - la - la!



"Just awakin' on the wall"

Page 86



Did you warm that pan girls?



"Where is that assignment!!!"



The three stooges---!



I surrender all---!



Failed Again!



A letter to Mom



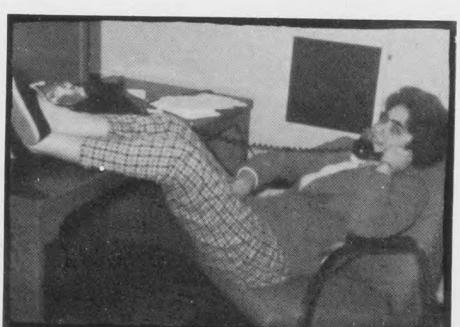
Night staff driven out by the day painters!



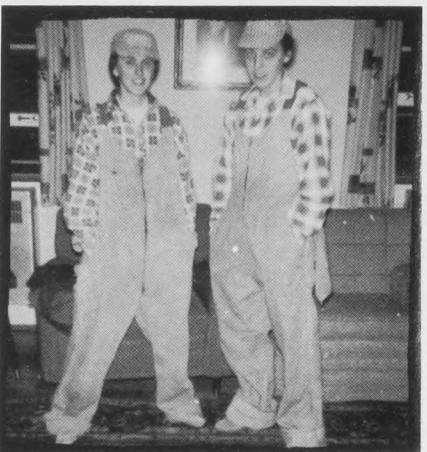
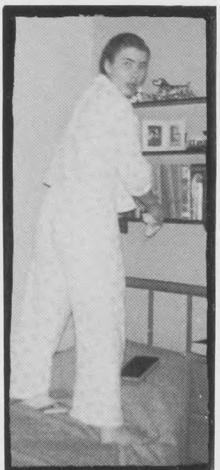
"...be ready in a second"



"Smile, you're on
Candid Camera"



Is my time up? I just
got comfortable!



Fingers were made before spoons!

"Caught!"

"Anyone for a good farmer?"



"We are perfect young nurses"



See what Santa brought!!!



Dining ----- in style



On the roof!



Couldn't make it to my bed!



"Love that Judy Chase!"

To the A-1 Student

I was the smartest student
They ever had at Grace
For the proficiency Award
I should've won the race
I was so fast and skilful
It almost was a sin
I simply cannot understand
Why I didn't win.

When I was a probie
Miss Seeman's pet was I
I scrubbed and oiled my patients
Till I thought I'd die
My backrubs were in great demand
The patients thought them keen
Until I rubbed one by mistake
With oil of wintergreen.

So for six months I worked and slaved
With such efficiency
But since I'm not quite perfect
I made a mistake—or-two-or-three
It really wasn't my fault
That those false teeth got mixed up
The head nurse said "Clean all false teeth"
So I gathered them all up
I put them in a basin
And scrubbed them till they gleamed
Then I showed them to the head nurse
I wonder why she screamed?

My patients just adored me
They thought I was divine
For I'd give them drinks of water
And overlook the fasting sign
I was so conscientious
Of my patients and their ills
That in the night I'd wake them
Just to give them sleeping pills.

In the Formula Room I was simply superb
I mixed formula like a jet
I scurried here and scurried there
I was Mrs. Spire's pet
Until one day by accident I did something drastic
I autoclaved four bottles that I didn't know were
plastic.

I next attacked the O.R.
Which will never be the same
But for the things that went amiss
Myself I cannot blame
I fainted at the sight of blood
But it wasn't my decision,
To fall across the patient's laparotomy incision
I didn't mean to lose that sponge
But I lost count you see
The fuss over one little sponge
Oh alright—so it was three.

During operations, the doctor I'd never wheedle
But as soon as he sewed up the skin
Then I'd ask for my missing needle
When the doctors saw that I was scrubbed
To help them with their work
They either fainted dead away
Or else they went berserk
I helped one doc so well up there
That he offered to operate free
He said I was in drastic need of a cranilithotomy.

But the Case Room's where I really shone
Mid cord clamps beads and suctions
But somehow during all the rush
I'd forget Miss Rusk's instructions
"Was that—tie, then clamp then cut the cord?"
Or clamp then cut then tie?
Now what comes first—the baby's beads?
Or the drops for his eye?
Episiotomy? What's that?
"Oh yes—oh yes the suture."
The doctors glared while I unwound
And unbright looked my future
"You can have it in a second, just be patient for
a bit."
"I just have to untangle these eight knots out of it."

I did so well at Children's
But my work I'd just begun
When they put me (as a patient) on a ward they
call West 1
I did just fine in Public Health
Till on a nursing call we went
I got lost and my two weeks in Kildonan Park
were spent.

So back to wards I trotted
As efficient as could be
I knew that I could do no wrong
The blame's not mine you see
That the P.P. care on Mat floor with mouthwash
was once done
Or the waking of patients at 5 a.m. was begun.

So you see dear friends I'm quite a gal
The head nurse's buddy, the doctor's pal
Now don't you think I deserve congratulating
Not for winning an award—just for graduating?

P. Egan.





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7



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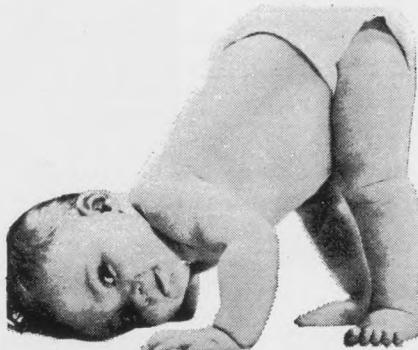
14



15



16



17



18

1. Me in charge? You're kidding!
2. And what time did you get in?
3. Sorry, I'm a student — can't take orders.
4. Oh, oh, here comes that supervisor again!
5. You didn't get the weekend either.
6. Hellooo, Dr. Kaiser.
7. Look, Mom, No tonsils!
8. What do you mean his I & O isn't charted?
9. How utterly ridiculous! We never make MISTAKES!
10. But I thought he WAS on B.R. Privileges.
11. I'll bet you're not going out tonight!
12. But I don't wanna work nights in the C.R.
13. ". . . And if you'll help me pass these RNs.
14. Where IS that bus fare?
15. I hereby solemnly swear to never again make a drug error.
16. No one on 'till six?
17. Did that lab report fall under here?
18. I have the answer, Miss Seeman.

ON BATHING IN HOSPITAL

Yesterday I might have been kidding about that business of sleeping in a hospital, but today I'm past that stage.

Probably some of your correspondents can explain why it is that just when a guy is really getting a good sleep, about seven o'clock in the morning, some nurse just brimming with vim, vigor, and vitality, comes breezing into the room, and then proceeds to wake you up and give you a bath.

It's funny how you find the influence of show-business everywhere . . . in the most unexpected places. Take this hospital bath for instance. The whole technique is obviously inspired by the strip tease act at the Casino. All you need is the band playing "Black Magic" and the illusion is complete.

Just in case any of you have never had the experience of a lovely, young lady give you a bath, I'll enlarge on the proceedings.

It starts off with a perfectly normal face wash, which is rather refreshing, and cleans your complexion so you won't have any trouble blushing at what happens. Then the nurse suggests you take off your jacket and systematically scrubs each arm.

The torso comes next. This is where the hostilities develop. You are determined to keep within certain bounds by holding the sheets tightly around the plimsall line with the kind of mock virtue you acquire under the circumstances while the nurse is equally determined that her sanitary ablutions will be all-inclusive. So she swings the wash rag a bit lower and you grab the sheet a bit more tightly.

Then, at a crucial moment in these maneuvers, the sheet comes away at the foot of the bed, and you might as well give yourself up for lost.

In less time than it takes to say "Cuspensky" the nurse dives an arm under the sheet and comes up with one of your legs. This gets a thorough rinsing and now you find you have to go into reverse and devote all your energy to keep the sheet down as well as up.

Meanwhile, our angel of mercy continues her nonchalant performance as more and more of you gets smaller and smaller. The timing of this performance is remarkable, because always when you get to the point where you are ready to say, "O.K., to heck with it," she suddenly covers you from head to toe and says, "Finish it yourself."

Written by a Patient



CAN YOU IMAGINE

Hampton — in a deep, loud voice lustily singing "Old Man River" in the bathtub?
Friesen — changing clothes with K. Harder for the day?
Ruggles — without her frying pan, silverware, and coffee pot at Selkirk?
Barron — sticking a thermometer in a visitor's mouth?
Plett — without a ready and waiting German expression?
Sprung — feeling calm, cool, and collected before going to the O.R.?
Loeppky — feeling A-1 after her dates with "Josh?"
Suderman — as a dedicated Ward G. Psychiatric Nurse?
Born — with a drawer full of combs?
Fast — slowing down to a trot?
McDougall — without a roomfull of "Big Dudley?"
Pattinson — spreading C.H.i.tis to her date?
Borthistle — with blond hair?
Klassen — acting the part of "Cleopatra?"
Braun — wearing thongs on evening duty?
Class — without Rempel's questions?
Sawatzky — missing a good bargain uptown?
Bettig — without a good joke up her sleeve?
Penner — without her handwork?
Halverson — decided, dressed, and waiting one hour (or even five minutes) before
going out?

MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES!!

Where can a man buy a cap for his knees
Or a key to the lock of his hair.
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head,
What gems are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his house,
The nails on the end of his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail—
If so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'm sure I don't know, do you?
Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand?
Or beat on the drum of his ear?
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toe?
If so, why not grow corn on the ear?



REMEMBER WHEN

Bergen — allowed one of her patients at C.H. to bite another patient?
Skinner — bumped into someone behind the curtain on Second Centre?
Dueck — answered that "urgent sounding" Case Room buzzer to find Dr. Malkin frantically trying to disconnect the buzzer?
Ohlinger — fully dressed got bathed and was sent down the elevator in the laundry bag?
Anderson — tried to find a suitable parking place for her car?
Five Seniors — went to the 4-D and landed up at Champs?
Doerksen — her first day on penicillin, had penicillin all over herself and her patient's bed?
K. Harder — as a probie mistook a patient's slippers for urinal covers?
Fehr — was forced to run down the hall with only a handtowel after her bath?
Sykes — did all those impersonations?
Mrs. Ellis — did the "hully-gully" with the class of 1964?
Beley & Bourquin — as probies flashed those diamonds?
Somers — had "a ball" with that certain fellow in the Canadian Army?
Nichol & Hutchison — got caught standing in the bathtub, hiding from Miss "A" after making all that noise?
Loewen — was guest of honor at an ice cold shower after her engagement?
E. Harder — sat with Bergen in the back seat on a double date?
Arendt — cheerfully tried to give a ii W patient "extra Special mouth care"?
Suitters — played hide and seek with a Ward G. patient in the tunnel at the Selkirk Mental Hospital?
Hainsworth & Lundstrom — spent that weekend in Minneapolis?
Pagan — called Dr. O'Toole, and said: "Hello, Dr. O'Toole, This is Second Orange calling about Mrs. North!"
Fetterly — was fortunate enough to have two fellows call for her at the same time and place at Selkirk?
Almas and Risby — "found rides" to Falcon Lake and back?
Reimer — had a doctor examine the wrong patient at C.H.?
L. Paetkau — calmly announced that she was "just making a winter coat?"
Shareski — slipped on some ice on her way to the roller rink and was soon rescued by three fellows?

The world is full of willing people — some willing to work and some willing to let them.
Confusion say . . . "He who laughs last did not understand joke in first place."
Confusion say . . . "Old maid — she count on fingers. Young girl — she count on legs."
Early to bed and early to rise and your roommate goes out with one of your guys!
Today it's as dangerous to run into a microbe as into a trolley car.
O.R.—The appendix is taken to the lab. with the patient's name and her doctor attached to the container.
High heels were invented by a woman who was kissed on the forehead.

THE NURSE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS

1887

In addition to caring for your 50 patients, each bedside nurse will follow these regulations:

1. Daily sweep and mop the floors of your ward, dust the patient's furniture and window sills.
2. Maintain an even temperature in your ward, by bringing in a scuttle of coal for the day's business.
3. Light is important to observe the patient's condition. Therefore, each day, fill the kerosene lamps, clean the chimneys, trim the wicks, and wash the windows once a week.
4. The nurse's notes are important in aiding the physician's work. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle the nibs to your individual taste.
5. Each nurse on day duty will report every day at 7 a.m. and leave at 7 p.m. except on the Sabbath on which day you will be off from 12 noon to 2 p.m.
6. Graduate nurses in good standing with the director of nurses will be given an evening off each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if you go to church regularly.
7. Each nurse should lay aside from each pay, a goodly sum of her earnings for her benefits during her declining years, so that she will not be a burden. For example, if you earn \$30.00 a month, you should set aside \$15.00.
8. Any nurse who smokes, uses liquor in any form, gets her hair done at a beauty shop, or frequents dance halls, will give the director of nurses good reason to suspect her worth, intentions, and integrity.
9. The nurse who performs her labors, serves her patients and doctors faithfully and without fault for a period of five years will be given an increase by the hospital administrator of 5c a day providing there are no hospital debts that are outstanding.

I had no shoes and I murmured. 'til I saw a man who had no feet.

How foolish and futile are most of our daily worries and irritations, our envies and hates. Yet, how they clutter up our minds and make us ignore what is in our hearts. We frown at the mud on the streets instead of looking up at the blue of the sky. We so often see cause for cross words or criticism, and so seldom feel prompted to praise and speak kindly.

Let us beware of all the beauty that is around us; let us beware of all the love we can share; let us beware of all the foolish little things that can bring smiles so close to tears.

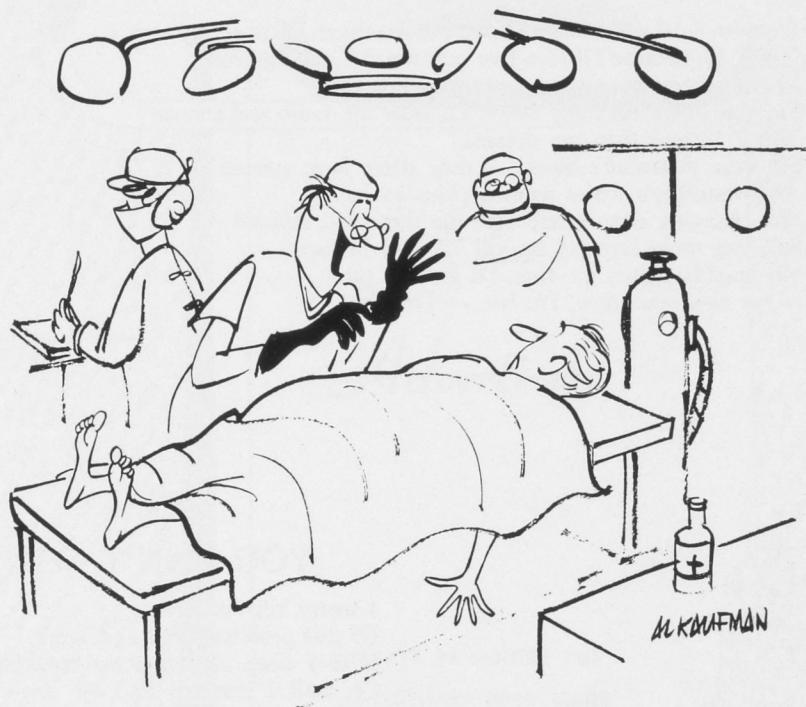


"The best helping hand you can find
is at the end of your arm"

HEARD AROUND . . .

"Who left the mess in the kitchen?"
 "You're contaminated!"
 "Well! My side of the room is clean!"
 "Have you started to study yet?"
 "I have to get my case study done."
 "When's your day off?"
 "Have you seen the orderly around?"
 "How many days 'till you finish?"

"3:30 — 12:00, what do you think?"
 "Darn it, that kitchen's locked again!"
 "Is that phone STILL busy?"
 "Has your friend got a friend?"
 "Where are you working now?"
 "Is the change list up yet?"
 "Have you got any spare uniforms?"
 "What's for supper?"



"Don't worry about a thing, Mr. Zimmerman —
 I'm beginning to catch onto this stuff."

Laugh, and the world laughs with you
 Weep, and you weep alone.
 For the sad old earth
 Must borrow its mirth
 It has troubles enough of its own.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,
 Grieve, and they turn and go;
 They want full measure
 Of all your pleasure,
 But they do not want your woe.

Sing, and the hills will answer,
 Sigh, it is lost on the air;
 The echoes bound
 To a joyful sound,
 But shrink from voicing care.

Be glad, and your friends are many,
 Be sad and you lose them all;
 There are none to decline
 Your nectared wine,
 But alone you must drink life's gall.

ON SECOND THOUGHT

Whatever I said in anger,
Whatever I shouted in spite,
I'm sorry I spoke so quickly,
I thought of some worse ones tonight!



THE MORNINGS

It's now 7:10 and I should arise, but I believe I'll close my eyes
'Till 7:15, because I'll save five minutes if I miss the rush
In the bathroom with my toothbrush.
I'm sure there isn't any news, I'll skip the radio and snooze
'Till 7:18 and then get dressed.
I'll wear yesterday's blues — they don't look messed
And yesterday's white seemed clean to me.
Not changing clothes will save me three full minutes
So I can snore serenely on 'till 7:24 — In fact,
No breakfast suits me fine, I'll get the gate
—For now you know, I'm late — I'm late!!



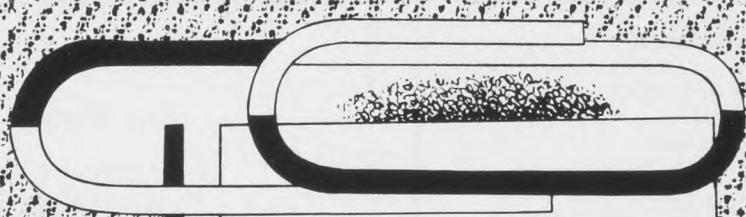
YOU CAN'T WIN

I worry 'till I'm weary
Of this problem grave and deep.
Shall I sleep and miss my breakfast,
Or shall I rise and lose my sleep?

WRITE AND WRONG

Things are often said quite biting, about a doctor's way of writing —
The heiroglyphic tracks of hen that burgeon underneath his pen.
The hand that no one but his wife or a keen eyed druggist can decipher.

But though the doctor's script draws curses, it's nothing to the nurses.
A penmanship so full of scribbles and blots and blurs and inky dribbles,
That records get to be so heinous. You can't tell "sinus" oft from "anus."



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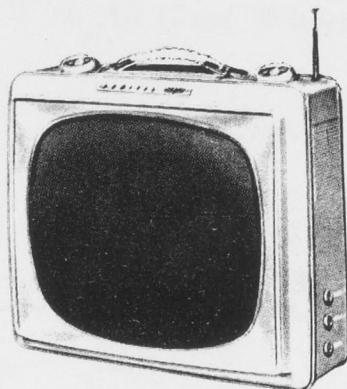
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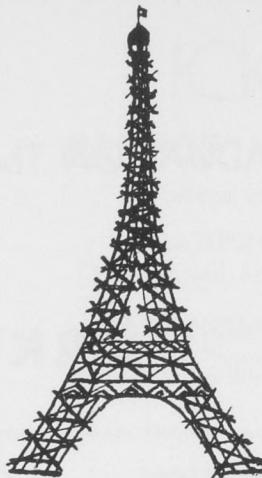
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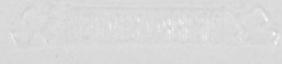
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